VOL. CCXV, No. 2811

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Volume CCXV No. 2811 The SPHERE, London, December 26, 1953

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

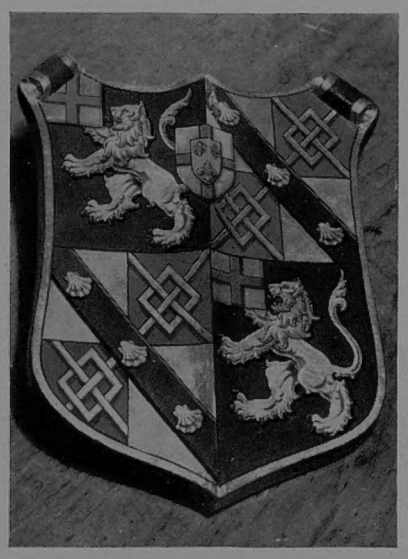
CHRISTMAS IN A SUFFOLK VILLAGE—INAUGURATING THE CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL IN THE MARKET SQUARE AT SOUTHWOLD, WHERE THE VILLAGERS HAVE BUILT A WOODEN CHALET, TOPPED BY A GIANT SANTA CLAUS IN A SLED, WITH A REINDEER: This was the scene as the children of Southwold and their parents joined in the opening ceremony a few days before the holiday. The chalet was spotlit, and all down the main street were ranged Christmas trees, hung with coloured lights. At the chalet each day before Christmas there were carols, hand-bell ringing, old-time dancing and competitions for the village children.

This Christmas the Suffolk village of Southwold has created a Christmas festival in the grand manner, and the villagers, by their united efforts, have brought the season to life with bells and bands, carol-singing and dancing, and competitions for the youth of the village. With voluntary labour and £150 from contributions to the Festival Pool, the villagers built the chalet in the market square, the central symbol of their rejoicing. It is a most appropriate little structure—one visitor has called it Lapland Gothic—and somehow or other it seems to symbolise the spirit of Christmas. With Santa Claus driving his reindeer sleigh across the roof of the chalet and with Christmas trees arrayed down the main street, the setting is complete. Southwold's Christmas plan stemmed directly from the success of their Coronation Show, when people came from miles around to see the local representation of the Queen's Beasts. This local effort is all the more meritorious in that Southwold was one of the East Coast villages hard hit in the disastrous floods of last January. Five people lost their lives in that calamitous tidal surge, but the village has triumphed over adversity and set a wonderful Christmas example.

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

A SHIELD FOR A GARTER KNIGHT

AN HERALDIC ARTIST PREPARES THE GARTER SHIELD FOR THE PRIME MINISTER, SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL: Mr. Percy Vere Collings puts the finishing touches to the shield which he is preparing for Sir Winston. When completed the shield will hang in St. George's Hall, in Windsor Castle. In the background, on the left, is an heraldic shield of a Prime Warden of the Worshipful Company of Fishmongers, on which Mr. Collings is also engaged. On the right is a helmet crest and mantle of a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath. Sir Winston's shield is the thirtieth of its kind to be painted by fifty-nine-year-old Percy Collings, of New Barnet, Hertfordshire. He was heraldic painter to both King George V and King George VI, while his later work has included shields for the present Queen, the Queen Mother and the Duke of Edinburgh.



On left—
SIR WINSTON'S GARTER SHIELD: It measures 12 ins. by 10 ins., and carries the Marlborough Arms. Sir Winston was knighted by the Queen at Windsor in April of this year.

FIRST NIGHT OF "MADAM BUTTERFLY"

THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF HAREWOOD AT COVENT GARDEN: The two distinguished patrons of the Opera talking to Mr. David L. Webster, General Administrator of Covent Garden, during the interval at the first performance of *Madam Butterfly* this season. This year's production of the opera is by Robert Helpmann, and one of the features is the energetic handling of the music by Sir John Barbirolli. The title-role was sung by a Negro soprano, Leonora Lafayette. Three other operas by Puccini are being produced at Covent Garden this season.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE."

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *for dispatch to addresses at home and overseas can be sent direct to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for 12 months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire are £5 16s. 6d.; 6 months and Christmas Number, £3; 6 months without Christmas Number, £2 16s. 6d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are £5 14s., £2 19s. and £2 15s.; and for elsewhere Overseas £5 18s. 6d., £3 1s. 3d. and £2 17s. 6d. The terms are inclusive of postage.*

A London Newslette

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Christmas Greetings.—In the time-honoured way—the habit of near thirty years—I wish all readers of the "Newsletter" and THE SPHERE a happy Christmas. I think it was at Christmas 1926 that I first wrote those Christmas good wishes, and since then we have had a mixture of Christmasses, physically, politically, economically. Hot and cold, peaceful and hectic, grim and hopeful, austere and semi-luxurious. Oddly enough, I cannot recall a single one on which it was not possible to be mildly cheerful and moderately gay. We come to Christmas 1953, hoping that it will not let us down, along a primrose path. A prolonged, mild autumn has cheated winter almost to the year's end and we have a Christmas bonus in terms of stored (and paid for) coal and wood, still unused. No doubt we shall pay for our fun and squander our bonus when winter comes. Its tooth, no doubt, will be keen yet. But we've passed the shortest day without a third blanket on our beds. We have something to be thankful for, and my good wishes go out hopefully to one and all, the old and faithful readers, and the new; the kindly critics all the world over, and the candid friends.

Railway Strike.—On the eve of the Christmas holiday rush the N.U.R. sent out notices for a general strike, the two other unions concerned dissenting. All three had expressed bitter dissent at the 4s. increase granted by the Arbitration, and the Commission's chief undertook to begin to examine the whole wage structure in the industry before Christmas. But the N.U.R. refused to wait and ordered the strike. It would have been the first railway strike since the General Strike and thirty-four years since the railways struck on their own. These two strikes averaged about eleven days. They did not greatly benefit the strikers at the time. It would be unjust to generalise that the award offered would remove all grounds for complaint of hardship from all classes of railwaymen. Some of them are up to average in comparable industries, many must still find it hard to make ends meet, a condition not unfamiliar to people like you and me. There may be adjustments possible in the industry which General Robertson's promised examination might bring about, to remove some injustices and anomalies. The N.U.R. makes the public the chief victim and puts the screw on where and when it hurts most. The nationalised railways are their property and ours. It isn't a profitable undertaking; it is one of vital importance to industry and production. No figures I have seen suggest that it can stand an increased overhead of £30,000,000. If that is true, the N.U.R. cries for the moon. It may reject the statisticians' opinion that at no recent time has the cost-of-living index less justified general demands for wage increases. It cannot reasonably reject the simple nursery rule that you can't eat your cake and have it. With regard to the strike, however, negotiations were immediately started by the Minister of Labour (who should have been in his bed) with the unions concerned and the Railway Executive, and before the Christmas holiday rush the public knew that reason had triumphed.

Beyond Control?—Sir Winston returned from Bermuda to cope once more with our domestic problems, and he may well apply and pose his oratorical question concerning international affairs as regards the problems on the Home front also. There is no doubt that in industry the constitutional means of settling wage and other disputes have lost control. The unions have lost control of their members, sometimes control of reason; the accepted tribunals have lost control, in that their awards, once regarded as binding on both sides, are no longer accepted by one side. This is a long step towards chaos, towards anarchy; a long step backward on the painful, hard-fought advance to the ideals of trades-unionism. It is throwing back the relations between Labour and Capital to the days of Tolpuddle; with this difference, that all the power is now with the labourer, while the employer and the Union official are shorn of it. The ideal is, and was, that rights should be equally shared and be based on reason. Rights beyond reason and on one side only were intolerable in the bad old days, but are equally intolerable in these days which are becoming nearly as bad. For every abstruse problem can be stated simply, and when that problem is economic, it can be expressed in terms of the coat and the cloth, or Mother Hubbard's cupboard. Every thinking man in industry and politics is perfectly well aware that the nation's exchequer is low, and that unless we increase production and export by ha work, not only our credit, but our welfare bene and our day's wages will diminish and ultimat disappear.

Sawing the Branch.—Many industri nationalised or not, are on the narrowest margi The public cannot pay more for their products a services; the extent to which they can respond demands from their workers is quite a simple sum arithmetic. If the workers in the face of the balan sheets refuse the arithmetical maximum fixed by th own accepted tribunals and still demand thrice much, they are no different to monkeys breaking t branch they sit on. If, knowing that harder wo is the only possible specific for better living condition they force their claims by working to rule and refusi overtime, they are merely cutting off their noses spite their faces. What is this but anarchy leading chaos and universal bankruptcy? And what is mo alarming than mob law and the scrapping of discipline and reason? It is not too much to s that to-day a tremendous proportion of workers i industry are too apathetic to reason or deliberate no longer think beyond their own backyards, judgin the gravest national problems in terms of their ow pools and pubs and parish pump; and that neithe Governments nor their elected union leaders make suffi cient efforts to restore discipline and reason to the one effective and splendid institution of Trade Unionism

A GEORGIAN CHURCH IN A SORRY STATE

DODDINGTON CHURCH, NEAR CHIPPING SODBURY, GLOUCESTERSHIRE, WHICH, HAVING BEEN DECLARED REDUNDANT, IS NOW IN A BAD STATE OF DETERIORATION: When it became known in 1951 that the church would be declared redundant the Georgian Group made efforts to have it placed under the guardianship of the Ministry of Works. No action could be taken until the Church Commissioners had sanctioned the proposal, and so consequently it was not until eighteen months later that Sir Christopher Codrington, in whose grounds the church stands, was able to invite the Ministry to accept the gift. In the meantime, dry rot, which had been present in the church, has extended, and the Ministry's architect has stated that "the general condition of the building is such that its repair at public expense could not be undertaken." Consequently, the Ministry has declined the offer and the church is now faced with a sorry future. The church was built in 1805.

Bevanism.—In mid-December Mr. Bevan, a Privy Councillor and ex-Minister of the Crown, contributed to a Cairo journal an article in which he clearly set forth the policy which we may expect him to pursue if ever he comes to supreme power. It is not encouraging for the Commonwealth or for its Western allies. He told the Egyptians that Britain would evacuate Egypt, whether she likes it or not, and that can only mean whether the vital security of the free nations is safeguarded or not. He argued that the Tories lived in a museum of dead ideas and that the time has come when every nation is entitled to enjoy its maximum of nationalistic aims. A public man is entitled to state his honest views in print and normally to offer them for sale in any market. But it is unfair to suggest that Tories or the English have ever regarded Egypt as their own property. If they did, they would not drag out a miserable existence in a narrow strip of the dusty backyard. The new international ideal is surely that no nation has rights without responsibilities and obligations in ensuring the protection of civilisation. Nationalism is only justified if it connotes internationalism and an acceptance of international obligations and law. Mr. Bevan has always been famous for his frankness and moral courage. Usually he confines himself to explosions

at home or in his own party. This time he is "taking a hand" in critical negotiations over the Canal Zone and the Sudan. He has a shrewd knowledge of his countrymen, perhaps of half the nation; and I fear that his moral courage is the less to be praised because of his knowledge that very many voters "couldn't care less" about the Commonwealth, or Western efforts to safeguard human liberties. These matters lie outside the backyard and miles away from the village pump or pub.

Choosing a Present.—I never was a great hand at choosing an appropriate present. I never have the time or the patience to make meticulous selections in shops. Even when I increase my own wardrobe, I accept the first hat or shirt offered. I study only at breakfast the attractive Christmas catalogues, which are curiously distributed, often in duplicate or triplicate, to a single family, the retailers seldom troubling to revise their old mailing lists economically. And I waste little time over breakfast. It is the Bond Street type of booklet which I turn to first. They amuse me and puzzle me. I do not look, I do not feel, I doubt if I suggest, the sort of householder who will leap at the chance to buy the type of goods they offer or can have a banking account equal to the prices they charge. But year after year they go on sending me their bright suggestions for little *cadeaux*; in triplicate. So I doubt if it will help them to improve their salesmanship and reduce its overhead if I once more anonymously advise them that I am *not* a buyer of: A chased 14-carat gold cigar-cutter at £27 10s.; a combined cocktail cabinet and occasional table at £45 10s.; a solid gold toothpick-holder at £19 5s.; an umbrella shooting-stick, inlaid with solid silver, at £21. Even if I could afford a cheap cigar, I should cut it with my old penknife, should prefer to keep a discreet toothpick in a paper packet, and should be heartily ashamed of showing myself "on the moors" with an umbrella. I leave that to the Americans. But, obviously, London is full of happier citizens who enjoy these ingenious devices and willingly pay for them.

Royal Windsor.—The Castle and the monarchy still dominate Windsor and make that exciting town what it is. These two institutions have made it for half the year unpleasantly crowded. It has a now congested neighbour in Slough, which grew to greatness not Royally but industrially, and between those two towns "there is a great gulf fixed," a gulf which must be crossed by one of the most narrow and tortuous streets (Eton High Street) and a single inadequate bridge leading up to a winding, dangerous escarpment road. People naturally will go all lengths to get something off the rates, and Windsor's rates are high. And so the Town Council last November voted to lease fourteen acres of its river frontage to a "fun" company for development as a pleasure garden, beer garden, monkey house, pin-table pavilion, and other delights. Even the Youth Clubs oppose this vulgarity; certainly also do many of the shopkeepers, the Eton authorities and other education authorities. The Slough population must obviously be expected, among others, to pay for this fun and so reduce the rates. If so, they must be carried to the fun-fair and back along the bottle-neck. And there literally is not room for one more coach or bus from April to November along that maddening route. The Royal Borough has certainly temporarily lost its sense of dignity. I cannot believe it will not change its mind even now and regain its dignity, sense of proportion and common sense.

O.K.—One of the mysteries of our language is the quickness with which the origins of a new phrase or word in our current dictionaries are lost. And there are few more amusing pastimes than supplying those lost origins. It is done usually by ingenuity rather than by reason or research. Research will show that many of these phrases, now current English or once so current, were caught from the music-hall or the stage. If you read old letters, you can accurately date the year when they came into fashion. "All serene," for example. Or half-a-dozen phrases which came up about the time of the Crimea, imported by soldiers, just as our own wars gave us "Blighty," "na-poo," and so on. Soldiers and the music-hall account for most, though to-day we get many of our new words via America, and the sleuth is well advised, before he pronounces them new, to make sure that they were not words and phrases current in old England when the Pilgrim Fathers sailed. "Gotten," for example, or "as at." O.K. is the latest sleuth-hunt. But the sleuths are all of them very confident men. I won't enter the lists. I will only repeat my sleuthing formula: Study your family letters, note the first appearance of a new slang phrase, turn up theatrical records of contemporary date and probe into the plays and comedians then on the boards and the theatres of war then active.

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

The AMATEUR THEATRE—II.

W. A. Darlington Reviews This Season's Productions of Some of the Leading Amateur Companies of the City of London

A ROYAL CHRISTMAS SHOPPING EXPEDITION IN BLOOMSBURY

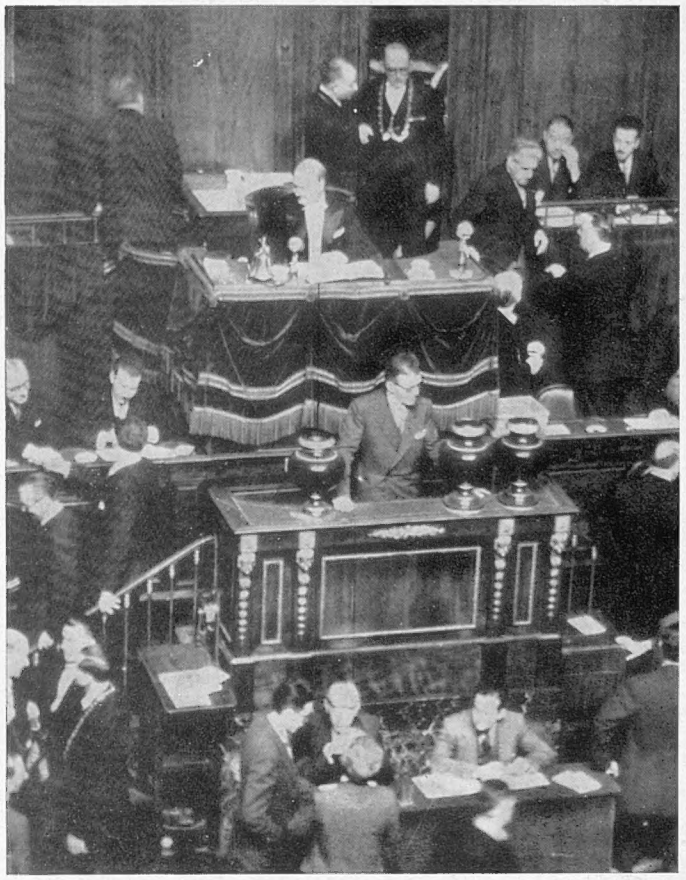
THE QUEEN MOTHER AND PRINCESS MARGARET LEAVING A JEWELLER'S SHOP IN LITTLE RUSSELL STREET, LONDON, W.C., AFTER MAKING SEVERAL PURCHASES: The visit to Cameo Corner was made shortly after dusk and the Royal visitors spent nearly three-quarters-of-an-hour choosing presents. They left their car a short distance away and continued their journey to the shop on foot. During the time that the Royal shoppers were inside the jeweller's, a crowd gathered outside and the Queen Mother and Princess received an enthusiastic welcome as they left.

IN AID OF ARAB REFUGEES AND A STUDENTS' HOSTEL

PRINCESS ALICE AT THE "ARABIAN NIGHTS" BALL IN LONDON: The Countess of Athlone with Major-General Sir Edward Spears, Chairman of the Anglo-Arab Association, at the ball held at the Dorchester Hotel. A large gathering attended this function, which was held in aid of the Anglo-Arab Association's fund for refugees and for a students' hostel.

ELECTING THE FRENCH PRESIDENT

The Palace of Versailles Provided a Historic Setting for the Voting by Members of Both Houses of Parliament



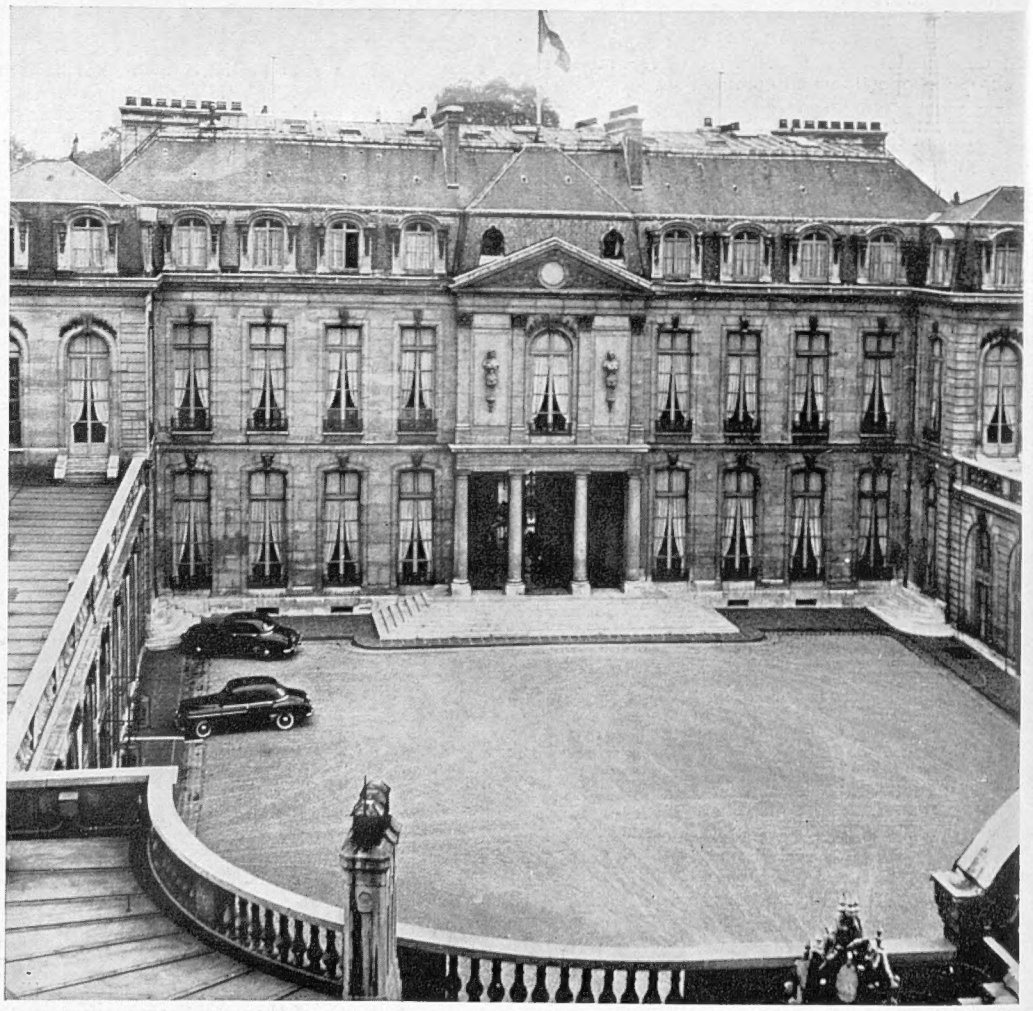
AT THE END OF THE FIRST BALLOT : The last voter shaking hands, on left, after he had handed his vote to a teller. On the dais above, in full evening dress, is M. André Le Troquer, Senior Vice-President of the Assembly, who presided over the Presidential elections at the Palace of Versailles. Several ballots were needed in order to ensure an absolute majority for the Presidential candidate. The elections began with due pomp and ceremony. With a roll of drums, M. Le Troquer entered the vast hall and took his place. Below him were members of both the Upper and Lower Houses of Parliament. Diplomats and prominent personalities crowded the galleries, and the whole scene was wrapped in the yellow light used for television cameras. M. Le Troquer, after paying tribute to M. Herriot, the retiring President of the Assembly, for whom he was deputising, stuck a paper-knife into a book at random, and called out the first letter that met his eye. It was U, and the Senators and Deputies whose names began with that letter filed up to the green urns to cast their vote. The initial balloting in the election of the second President of the Fourth Republic had begun.

THE ANIMATED SCENE IN THE CONGRESS HALL : M. Bidault casting his first ballot as politicians crowd the floor of the hall at Versailles. The Congress Hall, which is situated at the south end of the Palace of Versailles, was built seventy-eight years ago. It is the only great public hall which is large enough to accommodate members of both Houses of Parliament, for it can seat 865 people.

ALL IS MADE READY TO RECEIVE SENATORS AND DEPUTIES : An attendant preparing the name-cards of members of the Upper and Lower Houses of Parliament at Versailles. The great chamber there is nowadays used only as the home of the Assembly of the French Union.

ONE OF THE BALLOT URNS : Three green urns were placed on the rostrum at the elections. The voters handed their voting-papers to a teller, who dropped them into one of the urns, at the same time putting a metal band into another urn to act as a numerical check.

THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE THIRD REPUBLIC IS PREPARED : A dusting is given to the statue of President Thiers at the Palace of Versailles.



THE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE : The Paris home of French Presidents is the Palais de l'Elysée. There is also an official country residence, the Château de Rambouillet, which lies about thirty miles from Paris.

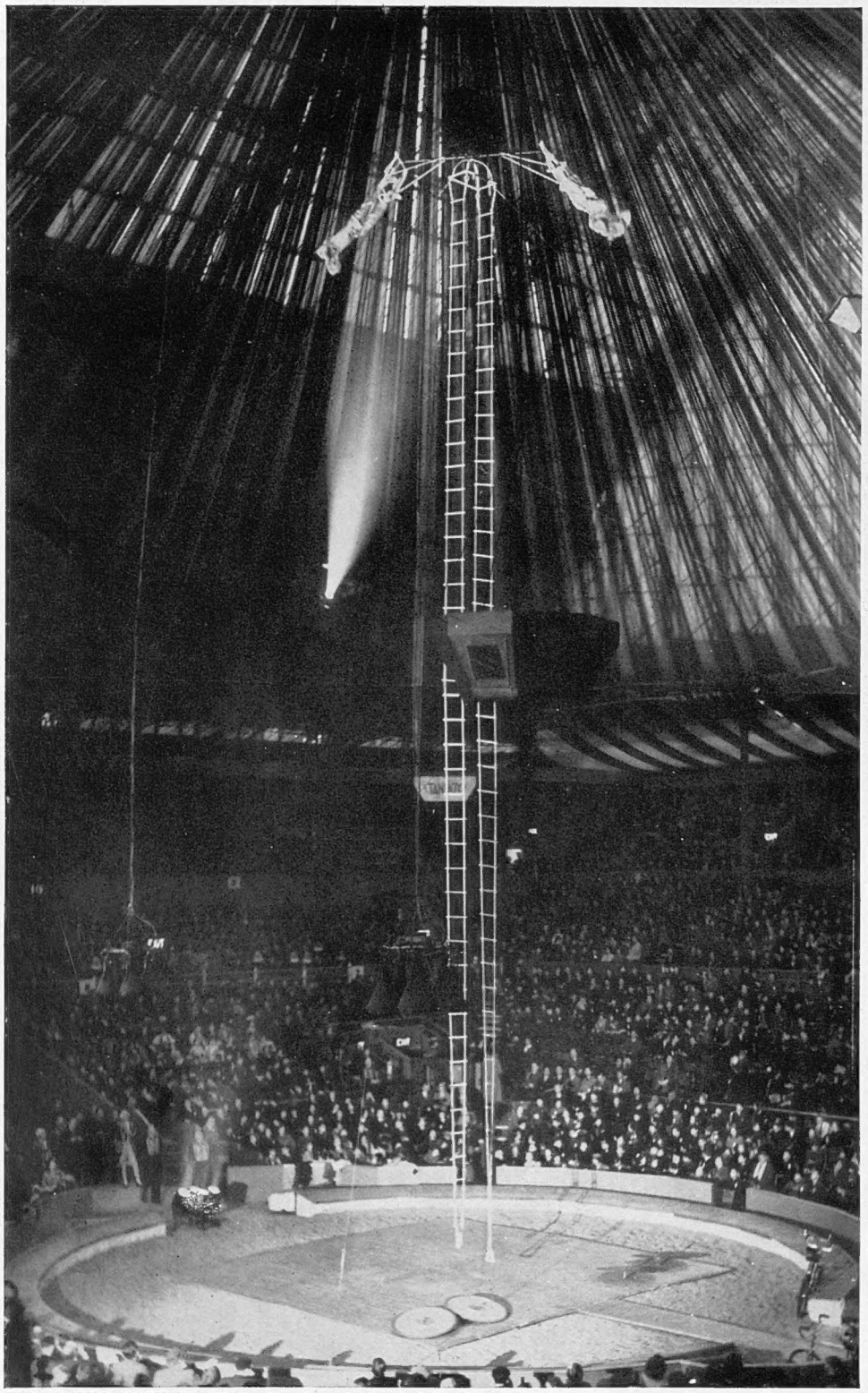
"MUSIC FOR CHRISTMAS" IN WESTMINSTER HALL

A CAROL CONCERT, SUNG BY A BOARD OF TRADE CHOIR, IS THOUGHT TO BE THE FIRST HELD IN THE HALL SINCE THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY

THE GLORIOUS SETTING FOR THE CAROL CONCERT SUNG BY A CHOIR DRAWN FROM THE BOARD OF TRADE : This was the scene in the ancient Westminster Hall when over 700 people attended a lunch-time concert of "Music for Christmas." The choir stood half-way down the steps at the west end of the Hall, with the great window providing an imposing background. Most of the audience had to stand. It is believed to be the first time such an event has taken place since the Hall was restored by Richard II in 1394. Special permission was granted for the occasion and among those who attended the concert were the Minister of Works, Sir David Eccles, and Mr. Peter Thorneycroft, from the Board of Trade. The selection of carols ranged through many centuries of music, including works by modern composers, namely, Gustav Holst and Healey Willan.

THRILLS OF THE CHRISTMAS CIRCUS

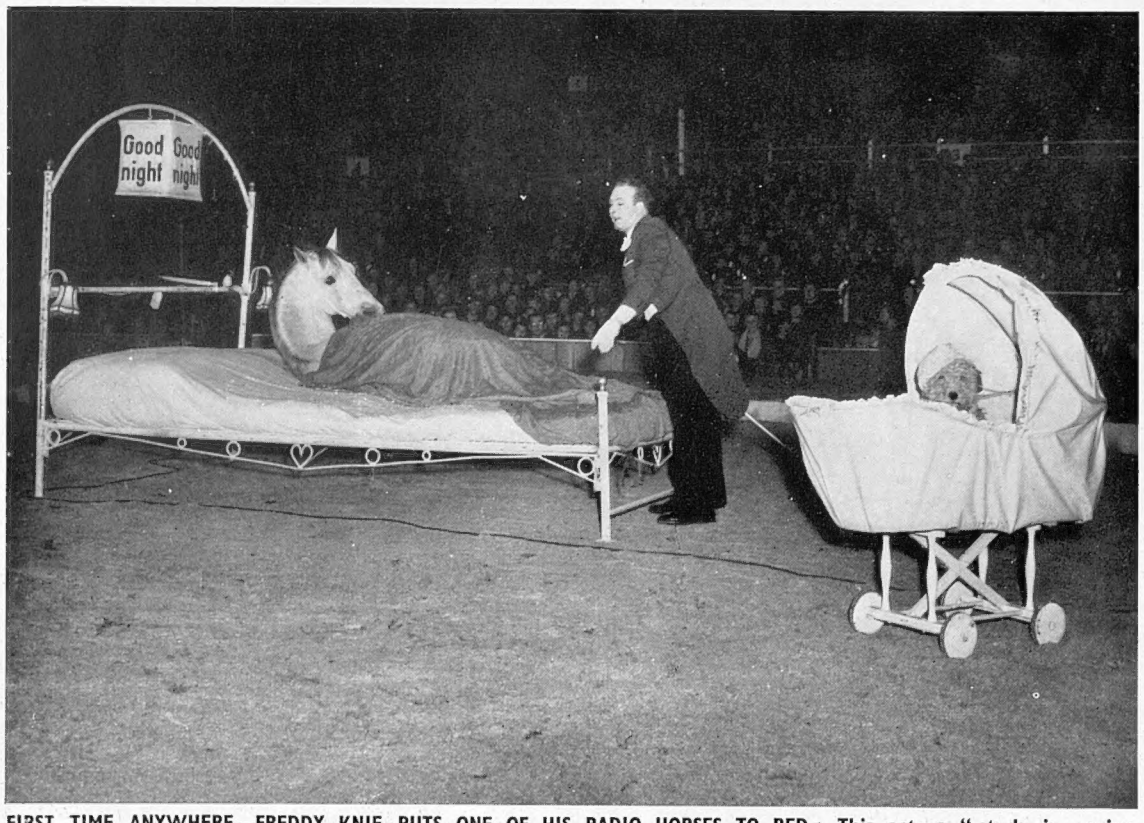
SOME OF THE MAJOR ACTS IN THE BERTRAM MILLS SHOW AT OLYMPIA, WHICH IS ONCE AGAIN ENTERTAINING YOUNG AND OLD DURING THE HOLIDAY PERIOD



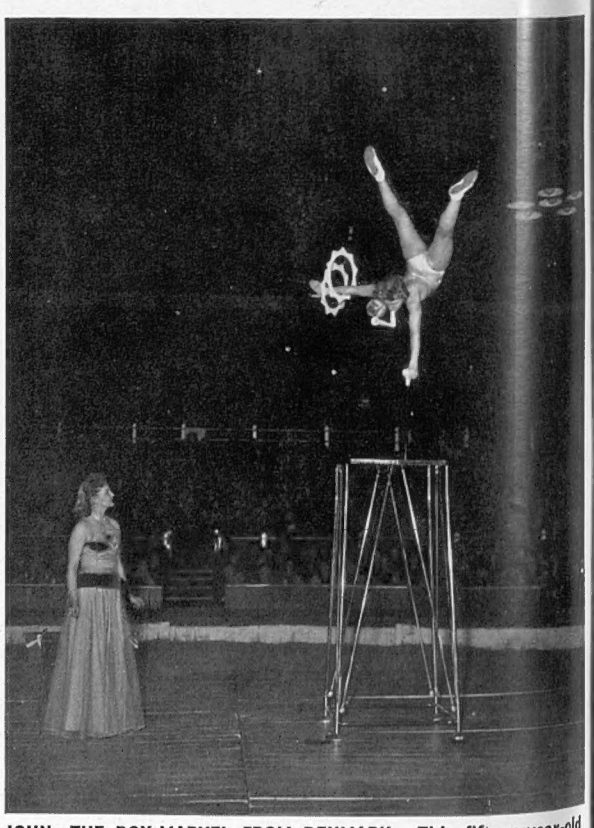
THE FLYING COBINAS : High in the air, on their fast-rotating apparatus, they provide one of the special thrills of the Bertram Mills Circus, which opened at Olympia a few days before Christmas. The Flying Cobinas are making their first appearance in this country. Once again the circus is a judicious blend of old favourites and entirely new acts.

IT IS ALL A QUESTION OF BALANCE : *Left*—The Rogge Sisters, the girls on the rolling globes, have been entertaining circus audiences since they were six years old. *Right*—Sciplini's Chimpanzees have a wonderful fairy-cycle act. Amleto Sciplini is a brilliant trainer, and his near-human charges put over a really splendid performance at Olympia.

ARMAND GUERRE'S MUSICAL SEA-LIONS : M. Guerre is a Belgian with a pretty wit, and his sea-lion act, which has been brought to the Olympia Circus for the first time, is full of humour and cleverness.

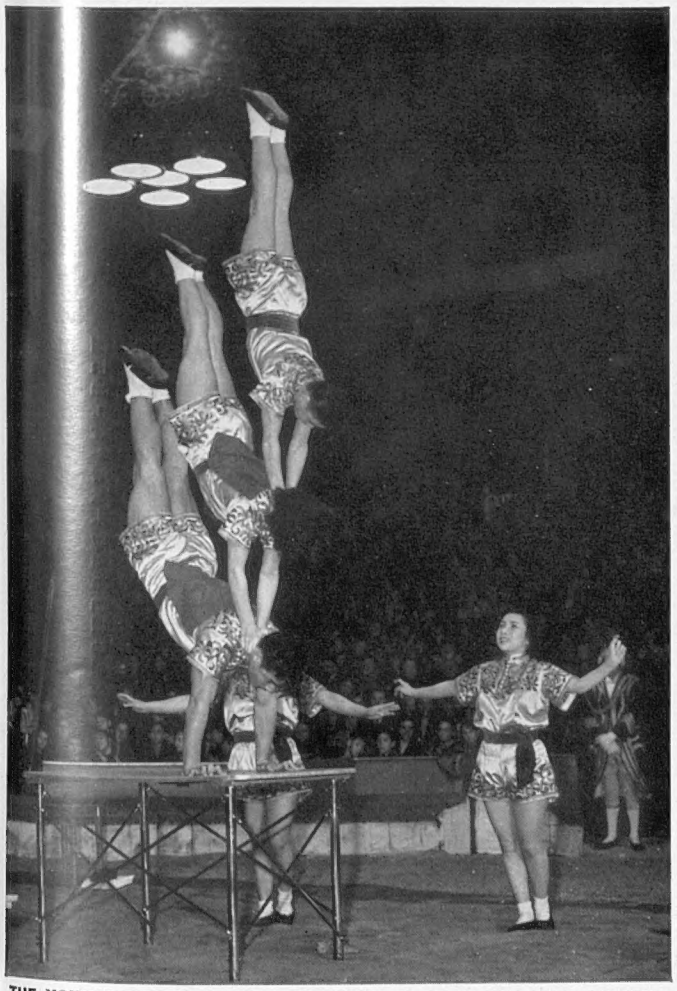


FIRST TIME ANYWHERE—FREDDY KNIE PUTS ONE OF HIS RADIO HORSES TO BED : This act, a "study in equine electronics," brought roars of full-throated laughter from the crowds of children at the circus rehearsal before Christmas. On the right, ensconced in his own cot, is a terrier, complete with bed-cap.



JOHN, THE BOY-MARVEL FROM DENMARK : This fifteen-year-old seems to have overcome all natural laws, and in the world of balance can do just about anything he wishes.

BERTRAM MILLS' MIGHTY ELEPHANTS PERFORM BENEATH THE BIG TOP AT OLYMPIA : These performers, from the jungles of Burma, are all well known to London circus audiences, and under their new trainer, Goste Kruse, they put up a truly spectacular performance. This is the finale of their act, with three of the elephants lying down and three others seated upon their prostrate companions.

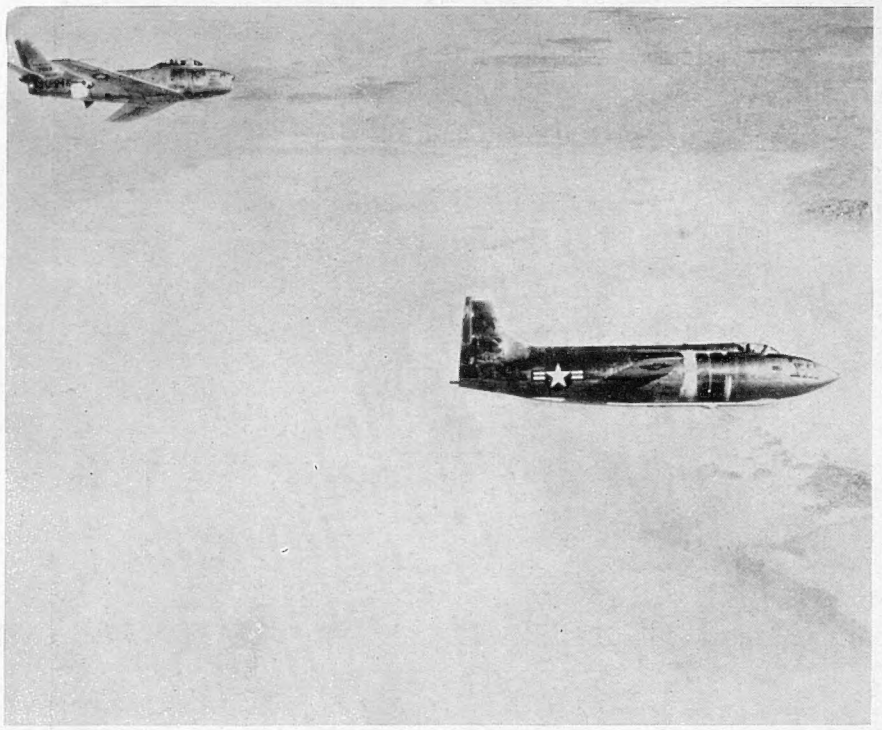


THE YONG SISTERS AND BROTHERS DISPLAY THEIR HIGHLY-DEVELOPED BALANCING TECHNIQUE : These acrobats and contortionists have superb quality. The Yong sisters and brothers come from China.

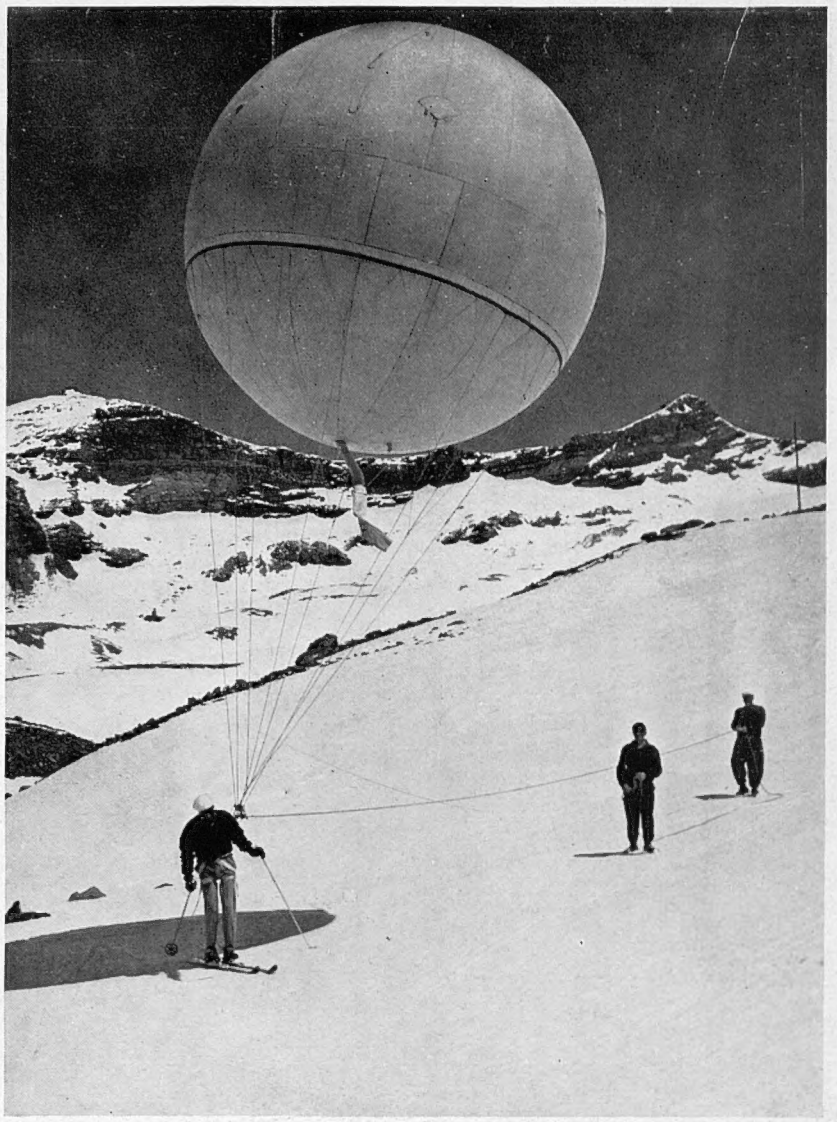
FREDDY KNIE AND HIS HORSES IN THEIR RADIO CONTROL ACT : Freddy stands outside the ring with a microphone, through which his orders to the horses are given. It is a grand piece of showmanship.

SPEEDING UP AND SLOWING DOWN

Heavier- and Lighter-than-air Craft Designed to Help Man Reach Greater and Slower Speeds

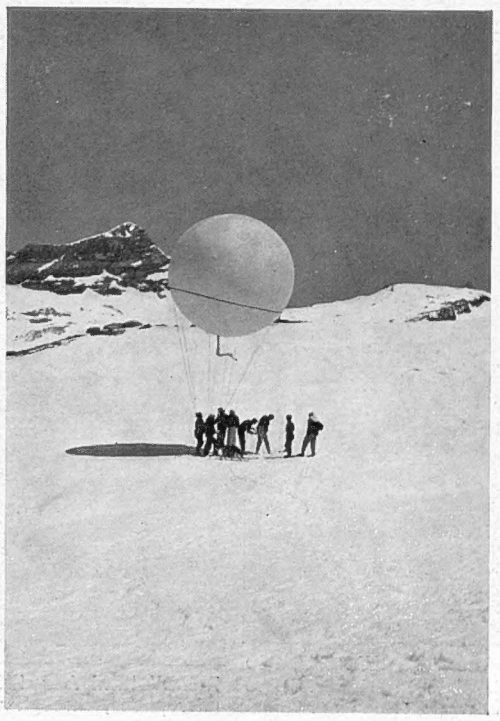


THE ROCKET AIRCRAFT WHICH FLEW AT TWICE THE SPEED OF SOUND ON THE EVE OF THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF POWERED FLIGHT: The Bell X-1A is seen in flight after it has easily overtaken a Sabre jet fighter, itself capable of exceeding the speed of sound. The speed attained by the Bell X-1A was in the region of 1,600 m.p.h. at a height of 80,000 ft., and the aircraft was piloted by Major C. E. Yeager, of the United States Air Force, who was the first pilot to exceed the speed of sound. He achieved this in October 1947, when he was flying a Bell X-1, an earlier version of the aircraft in which he attained his latest speed. The flight was made over the Mojave Desert, California. The Bell X-1A has stubby wings and is driven by four rocket motors, each with a thrust of 1,500 lb., and uses liquid oxygen and a mixture of alcohol and water as fuel.



A BALLOON FOR NERVOUS SKIERS: A skier is seen harnessed to a balloon while another man keeps it under control until the skier has started his run. The balloon has been designed so that unpractised skiers will not attain too great a speed while going down a slope during their early days of ski-ing.

NEPTUNES FOR THE ROYAL DUTCH NAVY—ONE OF THE FIRST OF THESE AIRCRAFT TO LEAVE THE LOCKHEED CORPORATION AIRPORT AT BURBANK, CALIFORNIA: This aircraft is the latest of a series that first made its appearance in 1943. Many new features are incorporated in this design. The tail turret has been replaced by modern submarine-hunting equipment, and one of the wing-tip tanks holds additional fuel, while the other has radar equipment installed. The Netherlands are the fifth Western Power to place orders for the Neptune, the others, who already have them in service, being Britain, France, Australia and the United States. An experimental Neptune has been fitted with two jet engines as well as the propeller engines. The pilot may use combinations of the four.



GOING DOWN THE SLOPE WITH THE HELP OF A BALLOON: This latest invention, which was developed by an Italian, Count Theo Rossi, acts rather in the same way as the parachute that is used to slow down the heavy American jet bombers when they land. This balloon has a capacity of 60 cubic metres and has a lifting power of 68 lb. As a skier goes downhill the balloon retards his passage, and his velocity is kept down to a speed where he can control his movements with ease.

On left—

A SKIER IS HELPED INTO HIS BALLOON HARNESS BY SOME FRIENDS: Although the balloon has been designed to prevent falls, when the inevitable does happen, and the skier feels his feet slipping from under him, the lifting power of the balloon will give him sufficient time to disentangle his legs and his skis before hitting the ground below.

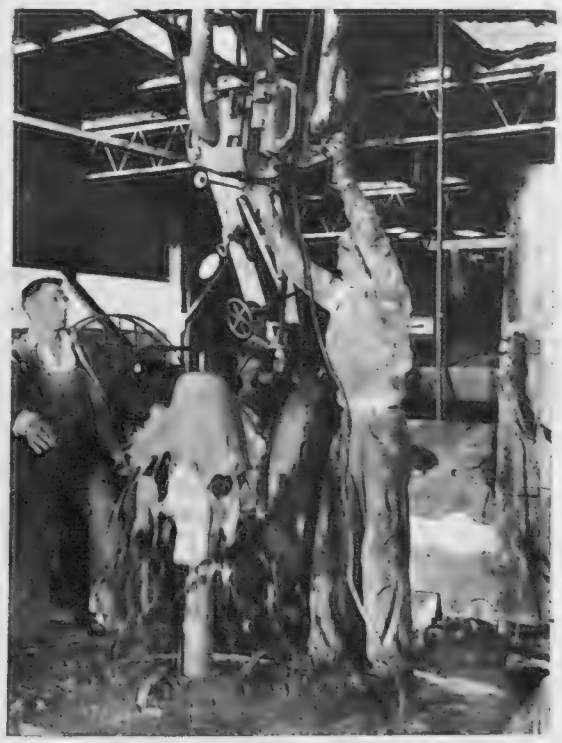
THE DRILLING SITE AT EXMOUTH GULF, WHERE AUSTRALIA'S FIRST OIL STRIKE HAS BEEN MADE: Here in one of the toughest and loneliest spots in the 1,000,000 square miles of the Australian outback, lying only 150 miles from the atomic experimental ground in the Monte Bello Islands, oil has been struck in highly payable quantities. The oil was found at 3,600 ft. by drillers of West Australian Proprietary Ltd., an operating company financed by Ampol (an Australian company) and Caltex (Standard Oil Co. of California and the Texas Co.). In a twenty-five-hour test run oil came at the satisfactory rate of twenty-three barrels an hour. It is thought unlikely that the bore should have struck the only deposit in the district.

AUSTRALIA'S OIL BOOM

Important Discoveries Near Exmouth Gulf, Western Australia, Send Share Prices Soaring

The discovery of oil in Australia's far west has caused some surprise among veteran Australian prospectors, who have believed for a long time that New Guinea is the likeliest field, for there has been a steady extension of exploration in that territory since 1923. Since 1936 the Island Exploration Company Proprietary Ltd. and the Australasian Petroleum Company have spent £A11,000,000 on the search for oil in New Guinea, and they propose to spend £A2,500,000 more in the next year. Meanwhile, a new focal-point of exploration is the Exmouth Gulf, in Western Australia, where the test run of twenty-three barrels an hour clearly indicates that a find of major importance has been made. Since the first finds at Exmouth Gulf work has gone steadily ahead on the site, the bits going ever deeper into the ground, and the intention is to go to 9,000 ft. Work is also to be started on other bore-holes in the area, which, if it proves fully payable, will have the special advantage of being situated within reasonable distance of West Australia's new refinery. This is being built by Anglo-Iranian at Kwinana.

The search for oil is also proceeding in Queensland, where Associated Australian Oils are engaged in a drilling programme in the Roma field.



THE EXMOUTH GULF WORKINGS WHICH PRODUCED THE RICH YIELD WHICH SENT AUSTRALIAN OIL STOCKS SOARING: *Left*—The drilling rig at Exmouth Gulf. *Centre*—Mr. Dysart, the drilling superintendent, looking over some of the bits ranging from 25½ ins. to 12½ ins. used in the bore-hole. *Right*—Drillers lowering a clamp over the bore to remove the test pipes. This site was once condemned as unpromising. All previous borings for oil in Australia have proved disappointing.

b

A KING'S FIRST SPEECH FROM THE THRONE: Eighteen-year-old King Feisal of Iraq delivers the speech from the Throne when he opened Parliament in Bagdad. This is the first time that the young King has performed the ceremony; his formal accession to the Throne took place last May. On the dais, from left, are the Prime Minister, Dr. Fadhil Jamali; Sayid Ahmad Mukhtar Baban, the Chief of the Royal Cabinet; and Crown Prince Abdul Ilah, the former Regent. Both the King and the Crown Prince are wearing the uniforms of Field Marshals of the Iraqi Army.

THE YOUNG KING DRIVES IN STATE TO OPEN PARLIAMENT: In an open carriage, drawn by six white horses, King Feisal drives to the ceremony in Bagdad. Sitting opposite the King in the carriage is his uncle, the former Regent. Firm measures were taken recently when a strike in Basra resulted in disorders. Martial law was proclaimed and nine newspapers were suspended for a year.

Foreign News in Pictures

KING FEISAL OPENS PARLIAMENT

And a Survey of Other Events Throughout the World

SHOWING FRENCH FASHIONS IN THE FORMER MANSION OF ALFRED KRUPP, IN GERMANY: This model is showing a fashion by Christian Dior. Behind her, on the wall, is a large oil painting of the Krupp family. The fashion parade was sponsored by Madame François-Poncet, the wife of the French High Commissioner, and by the wife of the Mayor of Essen. All the proceeds were donated to French and German charities.

ENTHRONED IN THE LARGEST DIOCESE IN THE ANGLICAN COMMUNION: The new Bishop of Gibraltar, the Right Rev. Frederick W. T. Craske, is greeted by the Governor, Lieut.-General Sir Gordon MacMillan, after the enthronement service in the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity. The ceremony of enthronement was conducted by the Dean of Gibraltar, the Very Rev. H. M. Lloyd, in the presence of a big congregation. The 111-year-old Diocese of Gibraltar includes all countries with shores on the northern Mediterranean, from Portugal to Turkey, and the bishops are known as "travelling bishops"—as there is no official residence in the diocese.

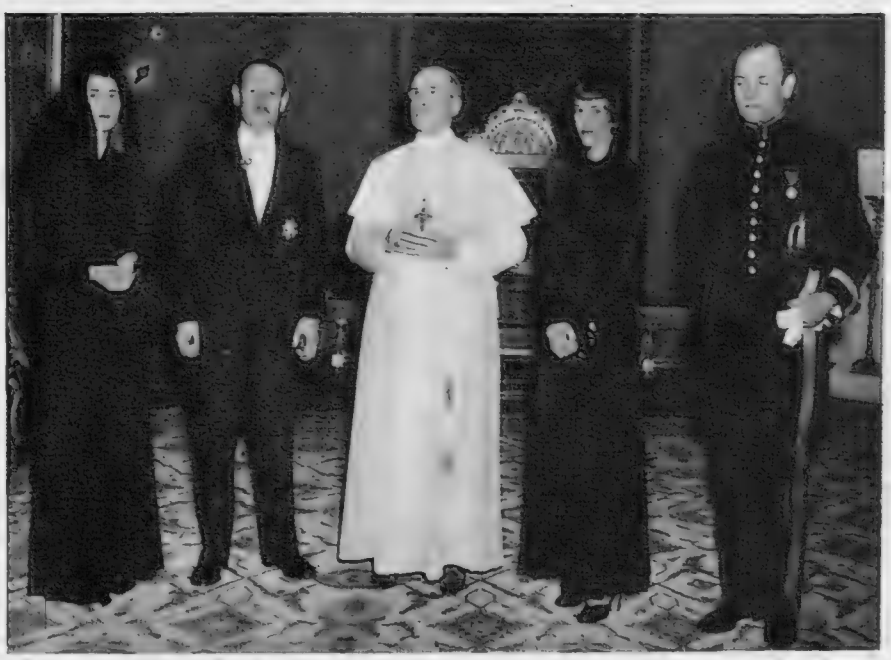
THE JEEP AND ITS SMALLER BROTHER: This picture shows the new American lightweight jeep compared with the larger vehicle. Manufactured by the Willys Motor Company, the new jeep is 3 ft. shorter than the older one and it weighs 1,200 lb. less. Despite the fact that it was developed for airborne operations, the lightweight jeep has all the qualities of the larger vehicle, and some more as well. It will carry four passengers or half a ton of cargo at speeds up to 70 m.p.h., and it scores over the older jeep in its greater manœuvrability. The jeep, in many forms, has been, and still is, a well-tried and trusted friend of soldiers of many nationalities and in many theatres of war.

TORNADO HAVOC IN VICKSBURG, MISSOURI: An aerial view showing the extensive damage caused by the tornado which hit Vicksburg earlier in the month. The business district of the town, which was struck three times within a night, is seen in the foreground. Behind is the Mississippi River Canal. Twenty-six people were killed and over 1,200 people were rendered homeless in the disaster. The residential district of Vicksburg was also severely damaged.

HE FLIES THROUGH THE AIR WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE—SKI-JUMPING IN AMERICA: Art Devlin, a former National champion, takes the jump at Bear Mountain, New York, in the Ninth Annual Torger Tokle Memorial Ski Jump Tournament. Devlin finished fourth in the competition; he was six points behind Merrill Barber, who won the event for the fourth year in succession.

A NINE-YEAR-OLD ITALIAN GIRL CONDUCTS AN OPERA IN MALTA: Gianella de Marco is seen conducting the opera *Lucia di Lammermoor*, by Donizetti, in the Radio City Opera House, Malta, where she was on tour. Gianella was seen and applauded by audiences in London and Manchester last year, when she conducted the London Philharmonic Orchestra. Her first public appearance was in Italy, at Pescara, in 1948, when she conducted a symphony concert at the Teatro Massimo. Since her debut, Gianella has toured and conducted in many parts of the world. Everywhere she has been, audiences have applauded her conducting powers and musicians have paid tribute to her prodigious musical memory.

PRESIDENTIAL CIGARETTES FOR BRITISH NILE SWIMMERS: The Egyptian President, General Neguib, offers a cigarette to the British Channel swimmer, Margaret Feather, at the Presidential Palace in Cairo. On her left are two other British swimmers, Jenny James and Kenneth Wray. The swimmers were in Cairo for the marathon Nile race this week in which twenty-four swimmers competed.



THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO ITALY IS RECEIVED IN AUDIENCE BY THE POPE: Sir Ashley Clarke, seen standing next to the Pope during the reception held in the Hall of the Small Throne at the Vatican. Also in the picture (from left) are Mrs. Gordon Etherington-Smith, Lady Clarke and Mr. Gordon Etherington-Smith, Chargé d'Affaires of the British Embassy at the Holy See.

FAREWELL TO THE BLASKETS

THE ISLANDERS HAVE LEFT THEIR ISOLATED HOMES OFF THE KERRY COAST TO TAKE UP THEIR RESIDENCE ON THE MAINLAND IN HOMES PROVIDED BY THE IRISH GOVERNMENT

MAURICE OG KEANE OUT WITH HIS TWO SHEEPDOGS ON THE GREAT BLASKET ISLAND: He is one of the remaining inhabitants of this island group off the coast of County Kerry, in the extreme south-west of Ireland, who have now accepted the Government offer to live on the mainland. For years the population of the Blaskets has been dwindling, and most of the young people have gone to the Irish towns and cities or else emigrated. Now everyone is going, but the area will still be farmed and the menfolk will spend a large part of the milder months in the island group.

LAUNCHING A BOAT FROM A WAVE-WASHED JETTY ON THE BLASKETS: At the best of times communication with the Irish mainland is difficult, and often the islanders have been cut off for many days at a time. It is the loneliness that has led the inhabitants to accept the Irish Government's offer to rehouse them on the mainland.

CARRYING THEIR POSSESSIONS DOWN TO THE JETTY: Four men preparing to evacuate their village. The cottages will provide them with shelter when they go over to the islands to tend their sheep.

OCTOGENARIAN MAURICE KEANE, OLDEST INHABITANT OF THE BLASKETS: He has no regrets about leaving the islands where, he says, life has been hard for the old people.

Fifty years ago a thriving community was formed on the Blasket Islands, which lie one-and-a-half miles off the south-west tip of Ireland. For the past generation many of the young people living on this most westerly inhabited island in Europe left for the easier life in the big cities of Ireland, England and America. And now the thirteen old people who remained behind are also leaving. They are being evacuated to new homes on the mainland, provided by the Irish Government at a nominal rent. The Gaelic-speaking islanders had no shop, no church, and they had to provide their own forms of entertainment. The only living things left on the island will be the hundreds of sheep which thrive on the green turf, the countless rabbits, and one cow. This animal was left behind because she was due to calf at Christmas. It is loneliness rather than economic stress which has persuaded the islanders to go to the mainland. The Blaskets could, in fact, support a fair population, but there would have to be either a bridge or an all-weather craft to provide communication if life on the islands were to be tolerable. As it is, the islanders will continue to be dependent for their livelihood on the income from their sheep.

On left—

IN THE NOW-DESERTED SCHOOLROOM: Maurice Guiheen and Maurice Og Keane seen before they left for the mainland.

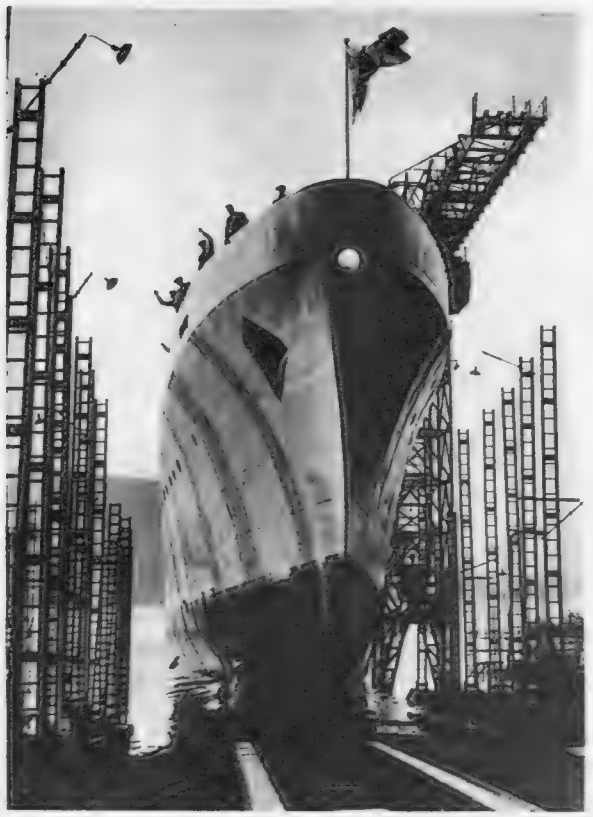
HOME WITH THE PEAT: Maurice Keane returning with a load of fuel before his departure. Stretching down to the shore are some of the island's humble dwellings.

NEWS FROM THE SHIPYARDS

A Novel Funnel at Clydebank; Launching Ceremonies at Scotstoun and Amsterdam; Repairs in Southampton Dry-dock

A FUNNEL TO ELIMINATE SMUTS IS FITTED TO A NEW P. & O. LINER: The first tiers of the huge funnel, the width of three double-decker buses, is lowered into position on the new liner *Arcadia* at Clydebank. This unique funnel is unusually tall, and has been designed to eliminate danger of smuts falling in the area of the long sports deck. When the funnel has been finally placed into position, it will weigh 85 tons. The new style of funnel went through exhaustive tests in the wind-tunnels of the Thermotank Company to ensure the efficiency of the design. The new P. & O. liner has been built by John Brown and Co.

THE LARGEST TANKER EVER LAUNCHED IN AMSTERDAM: The *Royal Arrow*, of 41,000 tons, slides down the ways at her launching from the shipyards of the Netherlands Dock and Shipbuilding Company. The tanker, which was built for an Edinburgh company, is the largest vessel of its kind ever to have been launched at Amsterdam. Mrs. R. C. Geddes, the wife of the owner of the new tanker, performed the ceremony of christening and launching.



A NEW FRIGATE LAUNCHED BY A V.C.'S WIDOW: The new Admiralty frigate, H.M.S. *Hardy*, goes down the slipway at Scotstoun, Glasgow, after the launching ceremony, which was performed by Mrs. Sutherland, widow of Captain Warburton-Lee. Captain Warburton-Lee won the first Victoria Cross of the last war when he led his flotilla against the enemy into Narvik Fiord. He was on board the destroyer *Hardy*, and was killed during the engagement. The present frigate is the ninth vessel to bear the name of H.M.S. *Hardy*.

WORKING THROUGH THE NIGHT ON THE DAMAGED GREEK LINER: A stern view of the Greek Line flagship *Olympia* as it undergoes repair work in Southampton dry-dock. The *Olympia*, which was on her third Atlantic crossing, was on her way to New York with nearly 1,000 passengers when she ran aground in Southampton Water. The mishap occurred through the failure of the generators, which plunged the ship into darkness and affected the rudder.

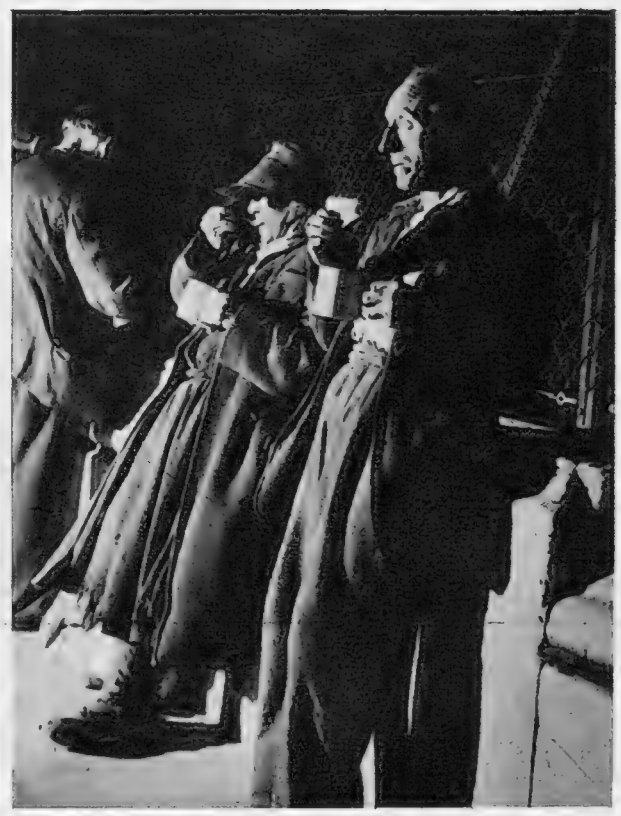
THE HOBO IN PICCADILLY CIRCUS : James Moore tries to sell his matches in the centre of London. While "on duty" he wears his trilby; the precious bowler is carefully put away for special occasions.

THE MAN WHO IS AS FREE AS THE BIRDS HE FEEDS : Fred Brasil, who is seventy-two, can often be seen feeding birds in St. James's Park. He lives in Salvation Army hostels, and when he needs money he goes out and sells second-hand books and magazines in the streets.

THE HAPPY, UNREPENTANT TRAMP : James Moore is a real tramp, and he is one because he likes the life. He is only fifty-six years old, and he came originally from Watford. He has no family, no ties, and he likes it that way. He is cheerful and enterprising, and sometimes earns a few shillings doing odd jobs wherever he happens to be. He lives in Salvation Army hostels whenever he can earn a few coppers, perhaps by selling matches in Piccadilly. As he has no permanent address, he is not entitled to draw the dole.

THE LITERARY GENTLEMAN IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE : G. Miller, who is fifty-two, had a nervous breakdown at the beginning of the war. He cut himself off from all normal life, but his innate pride still makes him want to work. He speaks French, Italian, Spanish and Portuguese. He lives in a common lodging-house, a permanent address which entitles him to the dole.

A CHURCH CRYPT STORES CLOTHES FOR THE POOR : The way is pointed to the crypt of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, where those in need of clothes with no money to buy them can attend the clothing distribution which is held there.



WHO CARES WHAT PEOPLE SAY ? : At the Embankment Mission canteen Harold Winstonely and the "old Lady Shuttleworth" are past caring. But those behind them, with their backs turned, still seem to be particular about being seen.

THE OTHER HALF

The Men and Women of London Who Have no Ties, no Responsibilities, and in Whom Only Social Workers Take any Interest

The fascination of seeing how the other half of the world lives must be tinged with a feeling of distress. But the remarkable thing is that such sympathy is probably wasted. The cheerfulness, almost happiness, among the human flotsam that drifts in the region of the London Embankment is one of the most striking features of the kind of tramp life to be seen there.

Every midday the Embankment presents a remarkable cross-section of people who represent a world apart. They are the tramps, the vagrants, the down-and-outs, the unwanteds and the misfits. Men and women who have always wandered and drifted. Or perhaps people who once enjoyed normal lives, with friends and families and responsibilities, but who have either deliberately or because of some twist of fate cut themselves off from the society to which they once belonged. But in most cases, like those of the genuine hobo and the inveterate tramp, their mode of life is not so much a necessity as a vocation. They do not aim at the ordered life of the worker. They have neither homes nor families. They certainly have no steady job. Most of them are middle-aged, some are really old. There are all types and classes, and probably their only common bond is that, by ordinary standards, they are unsuccessful. One of them may be a Freeman of the City of London, another a doctor, a third perhaps an unsuccessful criminal.

All these, in their uniform of ragged, patchwork clothes, make up the inhabitants of the Salvation Army hostels and the patrons of the Embankment Mission canteens. These charities are the only organisations who take an interest in the people who themselves take no interest in others. They consider that they have a moral responsibility for these people who, for one reason or another, have cut themselves off from society. The men and women they seek to help have no permanent address; they therefore cannot draw the dole. For 1s. 3d. a night the Salvation Army provides a bed, and sheets, and the amenities of a roof and home, together with baths and cleaning facilities. For nothing at all the London Embankment Mission canteen dispenses bread and soup at midday, and at night also. And beneath the bustle and traffic of Trafalgar Square, in the crypt of St. Martin-in-the-Fields clothes are given to the needy.

Sometimes these and other charitable institutions have the satisfaction of restoring a man or woman to a community life. But more often they are content to make living more bearable for those who have adopted the vagrant way of life. A little food, some warmth and rest, perhaps a little religion, and the life of the flotsam community of London is revived.

"*He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain.*"

Perhaps that is the only reward that the volunteers who minister to their needs seek. Perhaps they are the only people to whom the nomads of the Embankment owe any obligation.

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE AT THE SALVATION ARMY HOSTEL: James Moore has sold enough matches in Piccadilly Circus to get him a bed in the hostel for the night. Over a cup of tea and a bun he chats to an old inhabitant there.

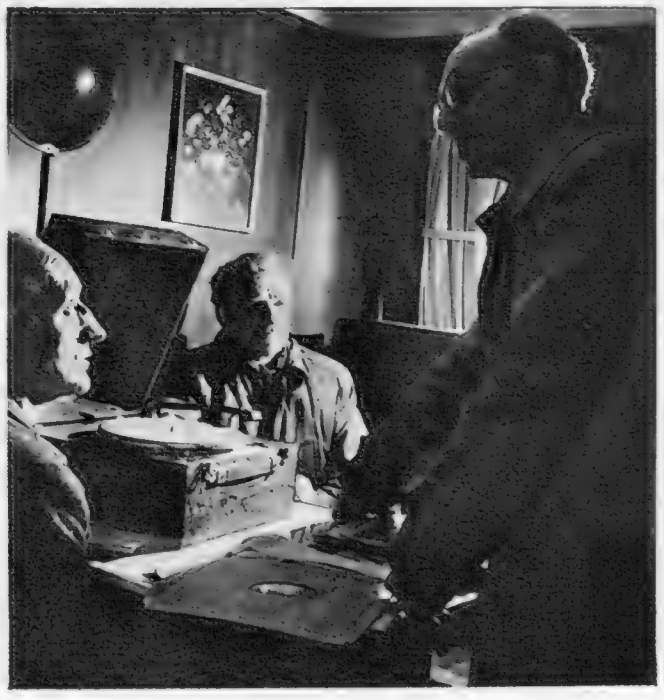
CLOTHES AND COMFORT FOR THE NEEDY: The Rev. L. M. Charles-Edwards chatting with some of the men who have come to him in the crypt of St. Martin's. These men are not beggars: some are ill and cannot get work; others cannot afford to buy clothes on their low wages or small pensions. All are in need of comfort.

GOSSIPING IN THE EMBANKMENT GARDENS: "Old Lady Shuttleworth" has a talk with Henry Almond, occasionally a casual labourer, on a bench in the deserted Embankment Gardens. "Old Lady Shuttleworth" acquired her name from the Embankment Mission, where she is a "regular." Henry Almond often finds the call of the road too strong for him and disappears for weeks on end.

THE EMBANKMENT MISSION DISPENSES FOOD AND HYMNS: There is a long queue on the London Embankment for the Mission's mobile canteen. While soup and bread are distributed, a loudspeaker plays hymns.

On left—
THE LADY: Miss A. Buyers is a voluntary worker with the Mission. She always has a smile and a kind word to go with the hot soup.

On right—
GOING TO "CHURCH": Two men discuss their problems with a Mission worker in the London Embankment Mission's mobile church. To be invited in there is a privilege and is thought of as "going to church."



"UNTIL THE SHADES LENGTHEN, AND THE EVENING COMES, AND THE BUSY WORLD IS HUSHED": A seasonal picture from Cliffe, near Rochester, Kent, showing the illuminated half-timbered farm-house of the Manor Farm. It is the home of the farmer, Mr. W. R. Filmer.

CHRISTMASTIDE IN COUNTRY AND TOWN

Below—HERALDING THE GLAD TIDINGS AT THE TOWER OF LONDON: Accompanied by a Yeoman Warder carrying a lantern, the choir of St. Peter ad Vincula take part in a carol service. During the service the choristers visited different points of the Tower precincts.

THE REPRESENTATIVES OF GOZO ON THE MALTA LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY : From left to right are—Mr. Amabile Cauchi, a carpenter ; Mr. Carmel Refalo, a trader ; Mrs. Cecilia de Trafford, a housewife ; Mr. Joseph Cefai, a lawyer ; and Mr. George Galea, a miller. Although situated only five miles from Malta, Gozo, despite its fine scenery, has been overlooked as a tourist resort.

PART OF GOZO'S HARBOUR AT MGARR : It is from Mgarr that Gozo exports her goods to other countries. The main exports are vegetables and wheat, and other produce from the fertile soil. It is at Mgarr, too, that the daily ferry-boat from Malta calls, mainly carrying business men.

GOZO

The Island that Few People Know

The Small Island Near Malta that has Been Overlooked by the Guide-books

The island of Gozo, despite its proximity to Malta, has for centuries been overlooked by both guide-books and tourists. It is a small island, only 26 sq. miles in area, situated five miles to the north-west of Malta, of which it is both politically and ethnologically a part. Although a near neighbour of the George Cross island, Gozo presents a totally different aspect to those who visit it. Its green hills and fertile valleys provide a sharp contrast to the hard and rocky surface of the larger island. Because of the fertility of its soil, the island's main income is from the produce that it exports. The soil is deep and well suited to wheat, which is the main product of the island, but there is a flourishing wine industry, and oranges, lemons and other Mediterranean fruits are grown.

But the industry of the island is not confined only to farming. Below the soft subsoil is a hard rock, and there are several flourishing quarries, the stone from which is much in demand for building purposes. Gozitan clay, too, established a name for itself many centuries ago, for the fine porcelain ware that is made from it.

Although overlooked by the majority of holiday-makers, the island has several resorts, which, although perhaps lacking such amenities as cinemas, fun-fairs and amusement arcades, provide a most peaceful holiday in very pleasant and interesting surroundings. Among these resorts are Xlendi and Ramla, which are situated on the coast, both of them nestling in picturesque inlets. Victoria, the capital city, has modern hotels and forms an excellent centre for exploration of the small island, which is rich in plant life and places of archæological interest.

As Gozo was once part of the Roman Empire (the Romans deemed it important enough to appoint a magistrate), it is rich in relics of the conquerors. Many interesting relics of prehistoric times have also been unearthed, and these may be seen in museums on the island. Indeed, the part played by Gozo in history is as great as that of Malta herself. During the last war the small island played a most important role. The Gozitans cheerfully accommodated many thousands of evacuees from bomb-scarred Malta and, during the latter days of the war, the island became a strategic point in the invasion of Sicily.

The Gozitan people themselves are mainly of peasant stock and are cheerfully content with things as they are. They are not rich, but because most of them work on the land, there is plenty to eat. Large families are the rule in Gozo, and accordingly the island is faced with the problems of over-population, so that it is taken for granted that some members of a large family will have to emigrate to Malta, Italy and even Australia.

The island is an electoral division of Malta, and has five seats on the Legislative Assembly of that island. It is these representatives' task to look after the interests of the Gozitan people. It is not a very difficult task, as the main characteristic of the Gozitans is their contentment to have things just as they are.

THE FERRY-BOAT THAT PLIES A DAILY SERVICE BETWEEN MALTA AND GOZO : The ferry *Bancinu* is seen here at the Malta end of her run between the two islands.

A NEW ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH ON THE ISLAND OF GOZO, IN THE MEDITERRANEAN : This church was built by the Gozitans from stone quarried on the island.

VICTORIA, THE CAPITAL CITY OF THE SMALL ISLAND : The population of this city is about 7,000 and that of the island as a whole 28,000. The whole of Malta and Gozo is governed by a legislative assembly of forty members, who meet on Malta. This assembly is concerned mainly with local government. For currency, relations with other States and other more important matters, the island is governed by Great Britain.

THREE ASPECTS OF LIFE ON THE ISLAND OF GOZO : *Left*—Bringing in the harvest. These peasants are using the only harvesting machine on the island. *Centre*—Gozitan women making lace. Despite their great industry these women earn only a few pence for their work. *Right*—A fisherman hauling in his boat in Xlendi Bay.

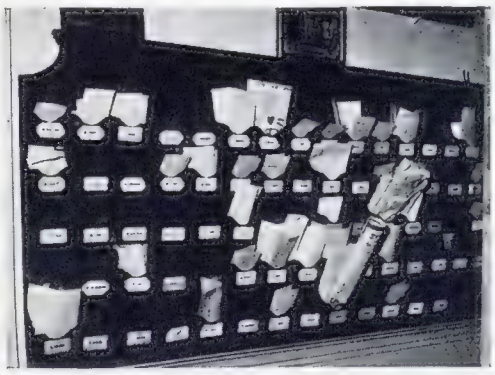
FRANCE'S NATIONAL THEATRE

For Over 270 Years the Comédie Française in Paris has Maintained the High Traditions of the French Theatre

THE HOUSE OF MOLIÈRE, HOME OF THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE: The Théâtre Français is in the area of the Palais Royal, in Paris. The building was erected in 1785 for the Variétés Amusantes, and the Comédie Française was installed in it on May 31, 1799. France's national theatre originated in the amalgamation by Royal decree sent out by Louis XIV of a troupe of actors managed by the playwright Molière with two rival theatrical companies in 1680.

A BUSY PART OF THE THEATRE: The wardrobe workroom, looking more like an antique shop, is an essential part of the Comédie Française. The theatre, besides performing in Paris, has often paid short visits to London.

THE MAIN STAIRCASE LINED BY THE GARDE REPUBLICAINE: Visitors arrive at the Comédie Française by climbing the imposing staircase under glittering chandeliers. The staircase is normally lined by Gardes Republicaines only in honour of the President of the Republic.



THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE HAS THE ATMOSPHERE OF A GOOD CLUB: Members' pigeon-holes at the House of Molière. The members are known as associates, and on playbills their names appear in the order of their election.

THE GENERAL ADMINISTRATOR: M. Lucien Descave, the present Administrateur of the Comédie Française, with one of the theatre's servants (left). The Administrateur is appointed by the Government.

Old, yet eternally young, the Comédie Française succeeds in remaining continually in the forefront of the news, despite the ever-changing scene of events in our turbulent times. Its glorious traditions attract all those young actors and actresses who, no sooner in the House of Molière, hasten to get out again and shed the shackles of discipline, though those are no longer so heavy. No longer are actors from the Comédie Française barred from seeking fame and fortune on the screen as well. The value of the title of "former member" of it is, however, justified in view of the incomparable brilliance of this theatre during the course of three centuries, in which time it has always been recognised as the be-all, and end-all of both the classic and the modern in dramatic art and comedy.

The House of Molière, however, only dates back to seven years after the death of Molière, all of whose collaborators and magnificent traditions it secured for itself. In fact, King Louis XIV, by a decree dated October 21, 1680, ordered the fusion of the troupe from the Hôtel de Bourgogne with that from the theatre in the Rue Guénégaud (now Rue Mazarine)—those were the two topmost groups in Paris in those days. The merging of these two troupes was effected in order to "perfect the standard of acting." The Royal decree stipulated that the list of actors and actresses in the troupe was to be vetted by His Majesty. And, in order to further the standard of perfection even more, His Majesty decreed that the company so formed was to act as sole troupe in Paris—no other French actors were to establish themselves there without prior permission from him. The troupe originally had twenty-seven members and got an allowance by Royal decree amounting to £12,000.

From its earliest days, the Comédie Française enjoyed a very turbulent existence. On June 28, 1687, a Royal decree was delivered by Louvois, ordering the troupe to leave the Guénégaud Theatre within a period of three months, under the pretext that students from the Four Nations College which was about to open in the vicinity would be adversely influenced by the presence of actors. In a polite yet humorous letter, Racine wrote to Boileau, outlining the trials and tribulations of the actors. It was, in fact, two years after the decree before they could take possession of the specially-erected building in the Rue des Fossés at St. Germain-des-Prés, where they remained until 1770. The purchase of the ground and construction work cost them over £198,233. The new hall was inaugurated on April 18, 1689, by a performance of *Phèdre* and *Le Médecin malgré lui*, realising a total of £1,870. This was the scene of triumph of Lekain, Mlle Clairon and Adrienne Lecouvreur, and for ninety years it was unrivalled as the world's best theatre.

Finally, however, the hall fell to ruin, and the Comédie Française had, in 1771, to move to the Tuileries, in the theatre hall which had originally been the Royal Opera's. (This hall was later to be the seat of the Convention, immortalised in the famous painting by David.) In 1782 the Comédie Française left the Tuileries and moved to a building newly erected by the King on the site of the Hôtel de Condé, now the site of the Odéon.

WHAT 'S ON ? A PROBLEM FOR THE EXTRAS : The time-table of the various activities of the Comédie Française is consulted. Even walk-on parts are sometimes played by actors of distinction. The distribution of the parts in this self-governing body is an extremely delicate task.

PARISIAN ELEGANCE IN THE FRONT ROW : The Comédie Française has succeeded in being fashionable as well as popular with Parisians.

On left—

THE MUSE OF DE MUSSET POINTS THE WAY : On the statue of Alfred de Musset outside the Théâtre Français the Muse seems to invite passers-by to go into the theatre. The works of the great romantic poet are among the few plays of the nineteenth century which the Comédie Française produces. Racine and Molière are great favourities, but modern plays are also produced.

A PRESENT-DAY ACTOR RESTS IN MOLIÈRE'S ARMCHAIR : Fernand Ledoux takes advantage of this relic of the early days of the Théâtre Français. Productions of Molière's plays are still extremely popular.

THE CAST IS READY TO RECEIVE IN THE SALON : Actors and actresses in their costumes wait, during the interval, to receive distinguished visitors to the theatre in the Salon. This pleasant custom dates back to pre-Napoleonic days, when Royalty was similarly received by the cast.

This Royal theatre was the work of the architects Payre and Wailly and incorporated a series of innovations : previously, the ground floor had only housed the common people, who stood up throughout the performance. In this building, the première of Beaumarchais' *Marriage of Figaro* took place. Here, too, the famous Talma rose to fame ; this was where Dazincourt, Fleury, Saint-Phal, and the actresses Raucourt, Contal and Thénard played during the Revolution.

For the Comédie Française, the time of the Revolution was fraught with danger, anguish and upheavals. It started with enmity among the actors—Royalists came into conflict with those who had the new ideas. When Marie-Joseph Chénier acted the part of Charles IX on November 4, 1789, these conflicts became screamingly obvious to the public. Naudet and Talma had an argument which gave rise to a duel between these two artists.

The Decree of the National Convention of January 13, 1791, established the freedom of the theatre. The Comédie Française became known as the "National Theatre," but a split could not be avoided. Several of its illustrious members left after a stormy interlude (as it has since become the tradition of the establishment) to join a rival troupe at the Palais-Royal, formerly a comic variety show, embracing revolutionary ideals with great verve and thus gaining more and more official honours. On numerous occasions, rowdy manifestations took place ; everybody was constantly on the look-out for anti-revolutionary sympathies and frequent scandals had their political repercussions. Actors were arrested and held captive for some time.

Discord and dissent continued. Three troupes were listed under the Théâtre Français. For a limited time the artists reassembled under the directorship of Sageret, but he grew too big for his boots and ended up in dire financial difficulties. The comedian Picard enjoyed great success when he reorganised the administration, and finally, on May 31, 1799, the Comédie Française, genuinely re-formed on a solid basis, set up again under the title of Theatre of the French Republic, in the hall at Rue Richelieu, where they function to the present day. On January 18, 1803, the Consul (Bonaparte) signed a decree at St. Cloud concerning its reorganisation—this was in 1812, complemented by the so-called "Moscow Decree" which is the currently valid set of rules and regulations : "The Comédie Française shall be self-administering by means of a committee of representatives drawn from among its members, under the supervision of an agent appointed by the Government, known as the Administrator-General (formerly the Imperial Commissioner)." To-day the Administrateur is appointed by the Ministry of Art.

The Comédie Française has had many great directors and administrators in its time. Under its ægis unknown actors have achieved fame, and famous actors have consummated their art. New playwrights have been discovered and encouraged, and the works of the classic writers have remained honoured and produced. French Theatre and the Comédie Française are inseparables ; whichever is sought by the public, it will be found under the roof of the House of Molière.

A CORNER OF THE FRIENDLY, OR TONGA, ISLANDS, IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC, WHERE THE QUEEN WAS WELCOMED LAST WEEK : Her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh arranged to fly to Tonga from Fiji and spend two days in the kingdom before leaving in the *Gothic* for the last lap of the journey to Auckland. After landing at Nukualofa and being greeted by Queen Salote, who has reigned in Tonga since 1918, one of the first acts arranged for the Royal visitors was a combined Anglican and Wesleyan service. The Tonga Islands were called the Friendly Islands by Captain Cook, who named them in 1773 on account of the courteous behaviour of the inhabitants. They are partly of volcanic and partly of coral formation, and only one-fifth are inhabited. There are numerous reefs and shoals around the islands, which abound in cocoa palms and a kind of fig-tree with narrow, pointed leaves. This picture was taken by Aero Films.

TONGA and FIJI

Pacific Outposts Where the Queen was Welcomed Last Week During Her Journey to New Zealand

On right—

THE QUEEN'S FIRST PORT OF CALL IN THE PACIFIC : The coastline of Viti Levu, one of the three large islands of Fiji, seen in an aerial picture taken by White's Aviation Ltd., of New Zealand. The *Gothic* was due to arrive at Suva on December 17, entering the harbour through the reef passage. It was arranged that a fleet of Fijian canoes and yachts of the Royal Suva Yacht Club should escort the Royal tour ship to her moorings. The Fiji, or Viti, group consists of nearly 250 islands, atolls and islets, some of them being separated by narrow channels ; the island seen in this picture is separated by a channel formed by a hurricane. The islands are of volcanic origin, and in most cases are bounded by reefs. On the larger islands the mountains rise to over 4,500 ft.

TWO ASPECTS OF THE GREAT CAPITAL OF VICTORIA: *Left*—The muddy but graceful Yarra winding westward under the Anderson Street Bridge (foreground) and the Swan Street Bridge. The Yarra, which is 100 miles long, is navigable to the heart of the city for vessels of 22 ft. draught. Skirting the Yarra is Alexandra Avenue, which has a silent, non-skid rubber surface. *Right*—The electric railway yards on the southern fringe of the city. Australia's first railway was opened in Melbourne in 1854. Now the city's network of rail services is the most extensive in the Commonwealth.

MELBOURNE FROM THE AIR

THE FAIR CITY WHICH THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WILL BE VISITING IN FEBRUARY

The city of Melbourne, where the Queen will arrive on Wednesday, February 24, received its name on March 8, 1837. That name was chosen as a gesture to the Prime Minister of England at the time, Lord Melbourne. The sponsors at the christening, Governor Bourke, from New South Wales, and Captain Lonsdale, resident magistrate of the new Port Phillip district, had considered calling it after the reigning monarch, William the Fourth. After due consultation, they decided that a settlement farther down the river had more claim to the higher honour, and gave the name Williamstown to the district which is now a suburb of Melbourne and one of its busiest wharf areas. They were not to know, of course, that the settlement they had called Melbourne, despite its lack of natural attractions, was to grow into a graceful and imposing capital of well over a million people. Melbourne, unlike other Australian cities, was not settled under official auspices. It owes its foundation to the enterprise of free settlers who successfully fought every attempt to make it into a penal colony.

The infant town of Melbourne was laid out on a rectangular plan, with streets intersecting at ten-chain intervals. Though the original idea was to make the streets 60 ft. wide, through the insistence of Robert Hoddle they were made 99 ft. wide. To-day the city rejoices in the splendid vision of Hoddle, for much of its dignity is in its fine, broad thoroughfares.

BROAD SWANSTON STREET RUNS STRAIGHT THROUGH THE HEART OF MELBOURNE TO THE SHRINE OF REMEMBRANCE, WHICH IS SEEN IN THE FAR DISTANCE: The domed building on the left is the public library. This orderly and spacious city has a population of 1,393,000, which is about 60 per cent. of the total population of Victoria. In 1841 Melbourne had 3,000 inhabitants, and by 1851 this had risen to 20,000.

THE ROYAL MELBOURNE HOSPITAL IN ROYAL PARK: This building very much in the modern manner is planned to bring the maximum light and air into the wards. On the right is the nurses' building.

BOXING DAY AT THE CIRCUS: When the clown with the big boots and the large nose gets among his audience there is no knowing what will happen. Boxing Day is always a great day at Bertram Mills' Circus, with the Christmas spirit bubbling over in full measure.

QUEENIE LEIGHTON, A MOST POPULAR PRINCIPAL BOY AND BOXING-NIGHT IDOL: When the taste lay in the direction of "fine women" and acreage, and curves were more esteemed than slim, svelte figures, Queenie was in her element. Miss Leighton was Principal Boy at Drury Lane for three years in succession, and this picture shows her as Prince Charming in the 1905-6 pantomime of *Cinderella*. She was also a star of musical comedy.

DICK WHITTINGTON COMES TO HIGHGATE HILL AGAIN: No figure in pantomime (with the possible exception of Cinderella) is more popular on Boxing Night than Dick Whittington—hero of London's own fairy-tale. And there have been few better pantomime exponents of Dick than Miss Dorothy Ward, one of the most celebrated of "Principal Boys." But no Dick had ever been photographed standing at the traditional spot on Highgate Hill where, so legend reports, he heard the bells calling him back to London and to fame and fortune. So in 1934 the omission was made good, as the picture shows.

THE FEAST OF STEPHEN

Christmas is a Stay-at-Home Day, but Boxing Day is the Day of Going Out, and Above All a Day of Public Entertainment, with Cinemas and Theatres Thronged

By W. MACQUEEN-POPE

ALL that most people know about the Feast of Stephen is that on that day Good King Wenceslas looked out—presumably out of the window. They know all about that, because they sang the carol as children and listened to it as grown-ups. But ask them when the Feast of Stephen takes place and they will look blank, unless they are of the few that study their diaries and know it is December 26. So they will reply "It 's Boxing Day." And so it is.

Boxing Day has now lost its religious significance and become a Bank Holiday, and an extremely secular one. It is just a part of Christmas—often the end of the Christmas holidays, although to-day the tendency is to spin things out and make almost a week of it. But 90 per cent. of average people know nothing of the fact that the Feast of Stephen commemorates St. Stephen, the proto-martyr, who was stoned to death and died with forgiveness for his enemies and murderers on his lips. He is worthy of better remembrance, but he is overshadowed by the overwhelming power of Christmas Day itself

Boxing Day is the poor relation to Christmas Day—it is all too often the hangover after the Feast, apart from being a feast itself. Yet it has its claim to fame despite the fact that nobody every troubles to do anything about it.

It has not been a day, down the centuries, when great events have happened—the Spirit of Christmas Day pervades it and makes it internationally inactive. It brought bad news during the last war—for Hong Kong fell on Boxing Day—and if memory serves, there was one of the very first air raids by our forces—over Cuxhaven—in 1914.

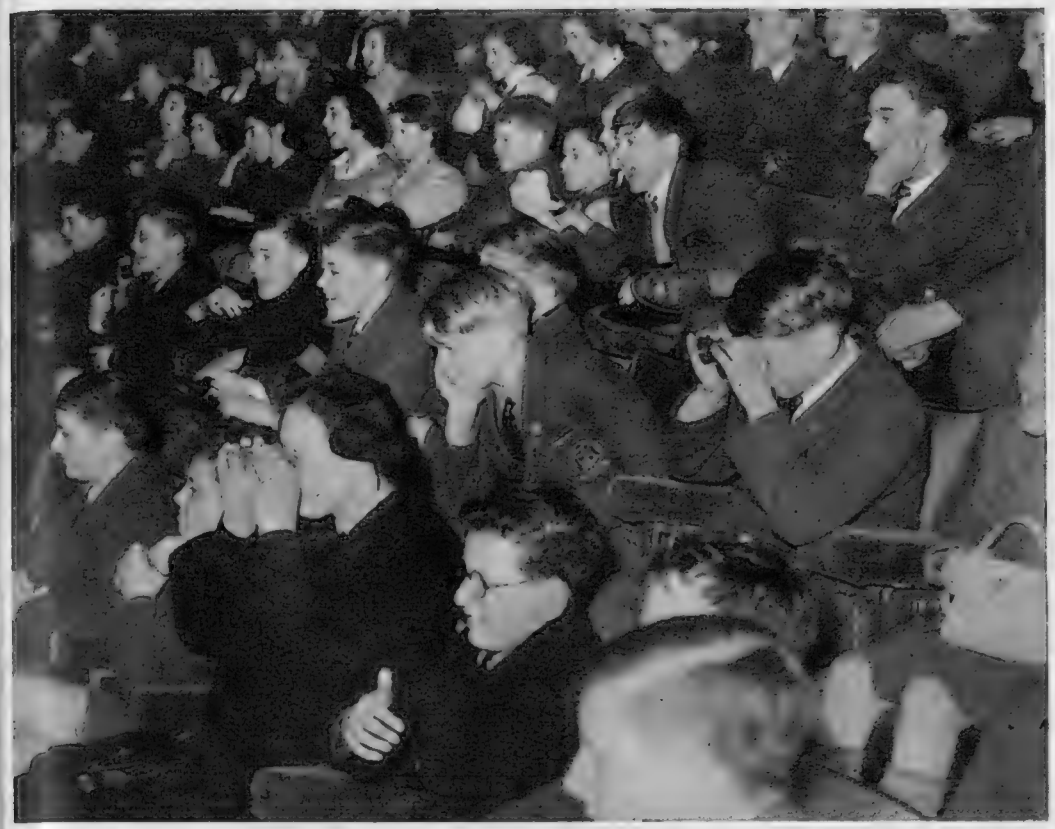
But the Feast of Stephen is well worthy of recognition, apart from its memory of martyrdom (which happened in A.D. 33, by the way), because it has its own rites and ceremonies — nearly all of which have fallen into disuse—bar one.

THREE GREAT BOXING-NIGHT STARS OF THE OLDEN DAYS—HARRY NICHOLLS, DAN LENO (SEATED, CENTRE) AND HERBERT CAMPBELL: The last-named two formed the immortal combination of comedy at Drury Lane—it was Sir Augustus Harris who brought them together. This picture was probably taken during the pantomime *Jack and the Beanstalk*, at Christmas, 1889-90, the second time that Leno was there and the first time he partnered Herbert Campbell. Complete contrasts, these two men formed a partnership of fun which has never been excelled and which lasted until 1903-4, when Dan Leno died. Campbell, his pantomime partner and friend, followed him a few months later.

And that exception is important. Boxing Day, as it is always called now, is the direct contrast to Christmas Day. It is the day on which people reverse their procedure. Practically everyone who has a home and children —or a lot of young relations—spends Christmas Day at home, entertaining the family. But Boxing Day is the complete opposite; it is the day on which almost everybody goes out. Christmas Day is so dedicated to the home that public transport stops early (one is aware that many people have cars and that there is such a thing as car hire service, but that means of transport is employed to take people from one home to another). On Boxing Day transport is fully laid on—because of the general exodus of the people.

By and large, this has been true down the centuries. Boxing Day, and especially Boxing Night, is the day of all the year when the public go out to enjoy themselves. Not even television keeps them in. It has gone on for many generations. They crowd to the theatres, the cinemas, the dance halls, the restaurants—wherever they can find entertainment outside the home. It is perhaps the natural reaction—but it is now a confirmed habit—one goes out on Boxing Day.

It got the name of Boxing not from fisticuffs, of course, but because it was the custom for those who imagined they had a claim for some reward from the pockets of householders and the public, to call around, wish them the compliments of the season and collect a present—cash preferred. This they collected in little boxes—so it became Boxing Day. Not so many years ago the front door of the ordinary house was seldom silent for long. The knocker would crash, the bell tinkle, and there on the doorstep was a man—or a woman—dressed in their best and with a tremendous smile on their faces and expectancy in their eyes. They all called round, the postman, the errand boys, the boy who delivered the newspapers—and the dustmen. The postmen and the dustmen don't do it now; dustmen are very highly paid. But one need not be old to remember the very unusual sight of your dustman, with a very clean face and a shining one—in his working clothes, brushed and spick and span, standing on the doorstep for a Christmas box. They were quite picturesque then. They wore leather hats, with a sort of tail going down between their shoulder-blades, and massive square-cut coats, under which was a sort of short, white smock (white only on Boxing Day), corduroy trousers, strapped round the knee, and very large but very well-polished boots. Gone was the gruffness which characterised them on ordinary occasions. They were nice, cheerful, smiling men, touching



FACETS OF BOXING DAY ACTIVITY: *Left*—Youngsters at a London theatre watch a production of *Mother Goose*. *Right*—The Boxing Day meet of the East Sussex hounds at Battle Abbey. Great crowds turned out, and for an hour before hounds moved off followers thronged the Abbey approaches. The Boxing Day meet is essentially for the foot followers, the revellers of the previous day who have come to get a little air into their lungs. Hounds seldom go far afield on Boxing Day.

their hats, saying "thank you" for the shilling or very generous half-crown, and never forgetting their wish that you might have the compliments of the season. Householders always provided themselves with small silver for Boxing Day—and the callers were early, because they knew their victims would otherwise be out.

The children, who hugged the house on Christmas Day, were indeed out early, too. Small boys bestrode bicycles or tricycles, which Santa Claus had brought, or were else decked in martial panoply from the same source. Small girls hugged big dolls or pushed new dolls' prams—they were following the urge, all of them, to go out on Boxing Day and show what Christmas Day had brought them. And for many this was a mere aperitif for the real business of the day—the real going out, to pantomime or circus.

For such entertainments—indeed, all places of entertainment—reap a golden harvest on Boxing Day, afternoon or evening. It is the one day of the whole year when they can be certain of a packed house. No matter how indifferent the fare provided, Boxing Day will draw the crowd. It has never failed—the public will fight their way through snow, ice and fog to go out on Boxing Day. They start booking for it at midsummer—that is no exaggeration—and it is a strange thing if a box-office manager has any seats anywhere at all by the end of September. The public does not mind so much about what the show is—they go from theatre to theatre begging for seats. They book blind for shows not even produced. They must "go out" on Boxing Day.

Time was when the pantomimes opened on that day. And the playhouses were packed. The authorities were cognisant of it, too, for during the end of the eighteenth and early years of the nineteenth century it was decreed that at Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, it was compulsory for the management to perform the tragedy of *George Barnwell, or The London Merchant*, before the pantomime. This very salutary and moral lesson of the evils of being a bad and idle apprentice was considered a good example to the young apprentices whom, the authorities knew, would be crowding Old Drury on Boxing Night to see the pantomime. So they had to have a sermon first. Whether the apprentices stayed out until after *George Barnwell* was over is not on record, but it is a fact that it had to be an integral part of the feast of amusement provided on Boxing Night.

People went out on Boxing Night then to renew acquaintance with the pantomime and the performers they loved. They flocked to Drury Lane to see Dan Leno and Herbert Campbell, to admire the dashing Principal Boy—the Nellie Stewarts, Queenie Leightons, Ada Blanches, Elaine Ravensbergs, and their successors, the sweet principal girls, the Madge Lessings, the Marie Georges, and those who followed them. The pantomimes at The Lane were announced as "The Children's Pantomime," but the grown-ups loved them all. Under Augustus Harris they were immense affairs which went on and on and on—one recalls the lady and gentleman who staggered out one Boxing Night, and the lady asked what the time was. "The time," said her spouse, "you mean what the day is, don't you?" He was right—it was past one o'clock in the morning.

Those acute judges of theatrical taste, the ticket agents—called "The Trade" in the theatre—know all about Boxing Day and what they can sell. There used to be, of their number, a man called Barnard, who was chief of one of the principal agencies. He was a dear, nice fellow, but the self-appointed pessimist of the theatre. Managements trying to get him to buy a lot of seats for a show produced, say, in September, would find him difficult. He would fidget, shake his head, groan, and finally say: "Well, you know, it's a long way to Boxing Day." He would aver that the only times he could sell seats for theatres were on events such as the Oxford and Cambridge and Eton and Harrow cricket matches, during the Motor Show—and Boxing Night. He was quite cheerful on Boxing Night. Another of the fraternity once wanted to obtain a lot of extra seats for Boxing Night for that delightful musical comedy *The Quaker Girl*, at the Adelphi Theatre. Early in September he went down there and persuaded the box-office manager into selling him all the seats left in the upper circle, about a third of the whole. They would have all been sold nowadays in September, but before World War One people did not book quite so far ahead. He bought the tickets, did this agent, and paid for them on the spot, getting no discount. He took them back to his office in triumph and put them safely in a drawer in his desk. He hugged his secret. On Boxing Night the management observed that they had many open seats in their upper circle, yet on the booking plan every seat was marked off as sold—and the money paid in. That enterprising agent had kept his secret too well. He had forgotten all about his purchase and those much sought-after seats languished in his desk. It never happened again.

SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS, A REAL PANTOMIME KING: He ruled at Drury Lane, where, every Boxing Night, thousands came to applaud his mammoth pantomimes, which lasted right through Boxing Night and into the small hours of the following morning.

AN ACTUAL BOXING-NIGHT SCENE AT OLD DRURY: The Ballroom scene from *Cinderella* in the pantomime of Christmas 1934-35—produced by Julian Wylie, King of Pantomime, who never lived to see the final triumph, for he died during the course of rehearsals. This picture shows the real opulence of the traditional Drury Lane pantomime—a tradition that Wylie carried on superbly.

Boxing Night has had its back-stage dramas, too. The late Julian Wylie, the King of Pantomime, produced a magnificent *Dick Whittington* at the London Hippodrome on Boxing afternoon 1932. Fay Compton was "Dick" and Leslie Henson was "Idle Jack." The show was acclaimed, and, of course, the house was packed on Boxing Night by an eager multitude. Fay Compton fell a victim to influenza (there was a plague of it) almost as soon as the curtain rose on the evening show. She battled on, being carried from the stage to her dressing-room and back for the next entrance. She went right through the show—she was unconscious during one song—but her trouper's blood kept her going and the audience never knew. That was not a happy Boxing Night back-stage.

For all people in the entertainment industry Christmas-time means hard work. They have their Christmas Day at home, except in Scotland and the far North, where the theatres open, but Boxing Day means two shows and many special matinees to come. But it is their job. No matter how ill, how worried, how harassed, they must be on parade on Boxing Night.

Boxing Day is going-out day. Tubes, buses, all forms of transport are packed—football matches draw millions; cinemas, theatres—everywhere where a good time can be had—those are the places to which the goers-out throng. Even the children leave their new toys—to go out. It is the universal day of getting away from domesticity. Even that famous Christmas party at Dingley Dell broke up on the day after Christmas, although Mr. Pickwick knew nothing of Bank Holidays. But they took to the road just the same.

Boxing Day has its own fame, its own customs, and these should not be overlooked. If the number of callers for Christmas boxes has diminished—well, the pockets of those who give them are much emptier than of yore. But however hard up, however worried, everyone will make an effort to go out on Boxing Day—the Feast of Stephen.

THE 900-YEAR-OLD CHAPEL OF ST. HUBERT AT OLD IDSWORTH, NEAR HORNDEAN, HAMPSHIRE, WHICH WAS BUILT BY EARL GODWIN, FATHER OF KING HAROLD: The chapel, which stands on a small hillock in a park, is in a state of good preservation, having been restored just before the outbreak of the First World War. Prior to that the chapel had been unused for some time. The 900th centenary celebrations are to be held during the summer of next year, when more visitors will be able to attend the services.

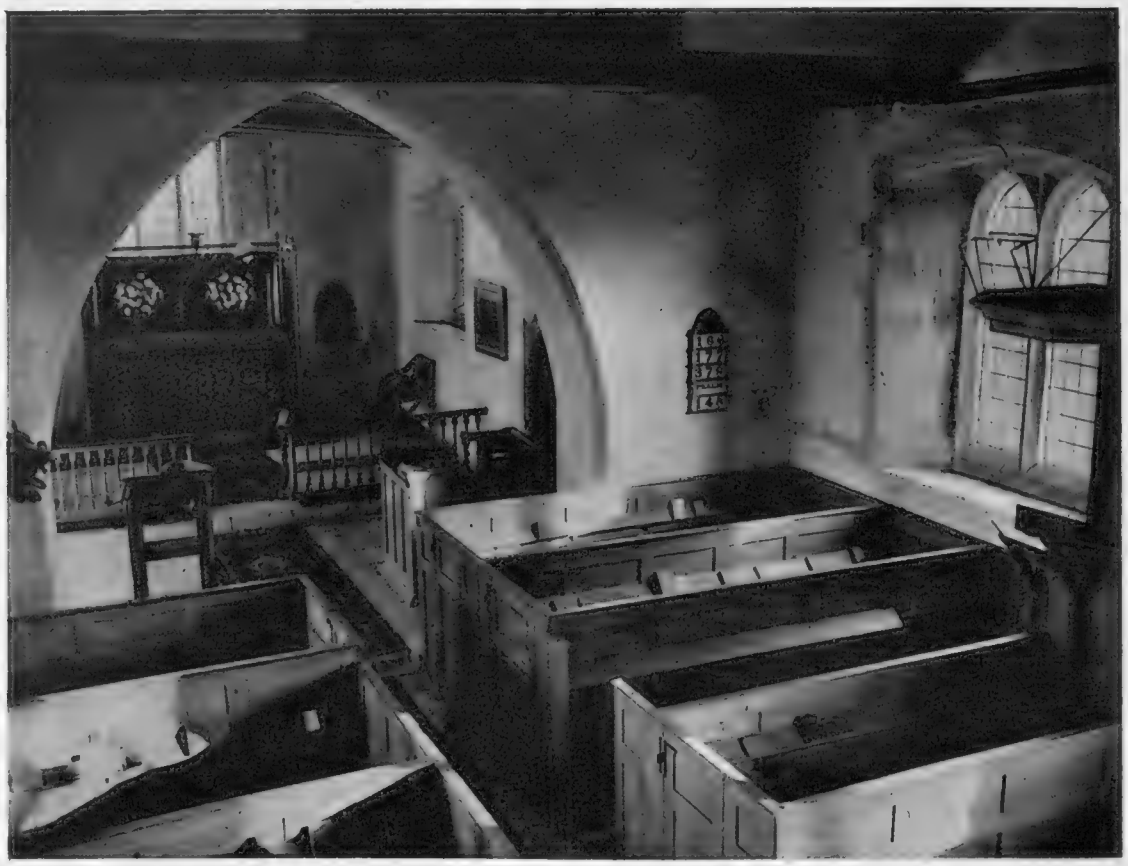
St. Hubert's Chapel Celebrates

ITS NINE-HUNDREDTH CHRISTMAS

AND PREPARES FOR ITS SPECIAL ANNIVERSARY SERVICES NEXT SUMMER

Named after the patron saint of hunting, the ancient chapel of St. Hubert at Old Idsworth, near Horndean, Hampshire, is now celebrating the 900th anniversary of its consecration. Originally built by Earl Godwin, father of King Harold, it is in a state of good repair, having been restored by the Clarke-Jervoise family, of Idsworth Park, forty years ago. It is a small building, with a Norman nave, widened to the south in the sixteenth century, has an Early English chancel and is surmounted by an eighteenth-century bell turret. Inside the church, where parishioners have gathered to worship for the greater part of 900 years, there are many interesting features, including an original Norman window and some of the oldest murals in Christendom. One of these is the painting on the north side of the chancel which, dating back to the fourteenth century, depicts St. Hubert and scenes from the life of St. John the Baptist—namely, the Decollation and Herod's Feast. The colours of the mural are yellow, red ochres and white. The Rev. W. E. Rees, Rector of Blendworth, who is in charge of the chapel, says that he intends to hold the 900th anniversary celebrations next summer as he did not want to clash with the Coronation celebrations this year. The maximum congregation of the chapel is about fifty.

THE MURAL ON THE NORTH CHANCEL WALL, DATING FROM ABOUT 1300: The upper subject represents the legend of St. Hubert, in which are five men and several dogs, one man with a bow in his right hand and winding a horn. Below, and separated by a broad zigzag band, are scenes from the life of St. John the Baptist. *On left*—The entrance through the fourteenth-century doorway.



TWO FOCAL-POINTS OF THE INTERIOR OF THE SMALL CHAPEL: *Left*—Looking towards the west end, showing the organ loft and the entrance. The pulpit dates from the seventeenth century, while the rest of the interior retains its eighteenth-century appearance, complete with a gallery and box pews. *Right*—The nave, chancel and sanctuary seen from the organ loft. On the south side of the sanctuary is an old piscina, while on the splays of the east window are two frescoes—one of St. Peter and the other of St. Paul—dated about 1325.

NEW TECHNICIANS AND OFFICERS FOR THE R.A.F.

Passing-out Ceremonies at Halton and Cranwell

ROYAL AIR FORCE APPRENTICES MARCHING PAST THE SALUTING-BASE : A view of the graduation parade of the 67th Entry of the R.A.F. No. 1 School of Technical Training at Halton, Buckinghamshire. The reviewing officer was Air Marshal Sir Dermot A. Boyle, Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Fighter Command. Boys enter Halton between the ages of fifteen and seventeen, and after three years' training they become qualified R.A.F. technicians.

On right—

A DOUBLE SUCCESS AT CRANWELL : Flight-Cadet Senior Under-Officer Laurence Alfred Jones shows his father, Major B. H. Jones, the Sword of Honour which he received as the best all-round flight-cadet at the passing-out parade at the R.A.F. College, Cranwell. Senior Under-Officer Jones also received the silver Queen's Medal for obtaining the highest aggregate of marks in all subjects from the Chief of the Air Staff.

THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER AT THE ROYAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL, GUILDFORD

THE DUCHESS ADDRESSES THE SCHOOL BEFORE LEAVING : The Duchess of Gloucester talks to the boys in the hall of the Royal Grammar School, Guildford. The Royal visit was part of the celebrations of the 400th anniversary of the granting of a Royal Charter to the school. On her arrival the Duchess was greeted by the Lord-Lieutenant of Surrey, General Sir Robert Haining, and by the Headmaster, Mr. M. D. Hallowes. After inspecting the guard of honour drawn from the School's cadet force, she made a tour of the school. *On right*—The Duchess of Gloucester watches one of the boys at the art class.

A SURVEY OF HOME EVENTS

A PICTORIAL RECORD FROM MANY PARTS OF THE COUNTRY IN MID-DECEMBER

THE CHURCH OF ONE OF THE SMALLEST PARISHES IN ENGLAND: The fourteenth-century Church of St. Blaise, at Haccombe, between Torquay and Newton Abbot, Devon, which has a congregation of twenty. The parish contains just two buildings, the parsonage and the manor. The latter, part of which is seen on the right of the picture, is now a boys' school. Recently the church was given a grant from the Historic Churches Preservation Trust.

AN EXPLOSION AT A STAINES FACTORY INJURES SIXTEEN PEOPLE: Part of the shattered factory seen soon after the explosion, which occurred in the paint department of the Staines Tinware Manufacturing Company, in Langley Road, Staines. The force of the explosion was so great that windows in neighbouring houses were broken. The explosion occurred soon after the eighty employees of the factory had returned from lunch, but the greater number of these people were not injured in any way. The cause of this violent explosion is not known.

ONE-AND-A-HALF HORSESHOES ON THE CHURCH DOOR—THE REMNANTS OF A WAGER AT HACCOMBE: They were fixed to the door as a thanksgiving after a wager between two local families. With a manor of land at stake, a member of the Carew family of Haccombe bet a Champernowne of Dartington that he could swim his horse farthest into the sea at Torbay. Carew not only won his wager, but also saved his opponent. As a thanksgiving, the shoes of his horse were nailed to the door of the church at Haccombe, the country seat of the Carews. The church was built by Sir Stephen de Haccombe and dedicated by Bishop Grandisson in 1328. It contains many noble monuments, as the church is really the mausoleum of the Carew family. The incumbent of St. Blaise, now a Rector-in-Charge, claims the title of "Archpriest," and is exempt from the jurisdiction of the Archdeacon. Although he receives a summons to attend the episcopal visitation he is not bound to answer to the call. Another peculiarity was that the parish paid no rates or taxes—a privilege granted from the Crown in return for a service by a Carew.

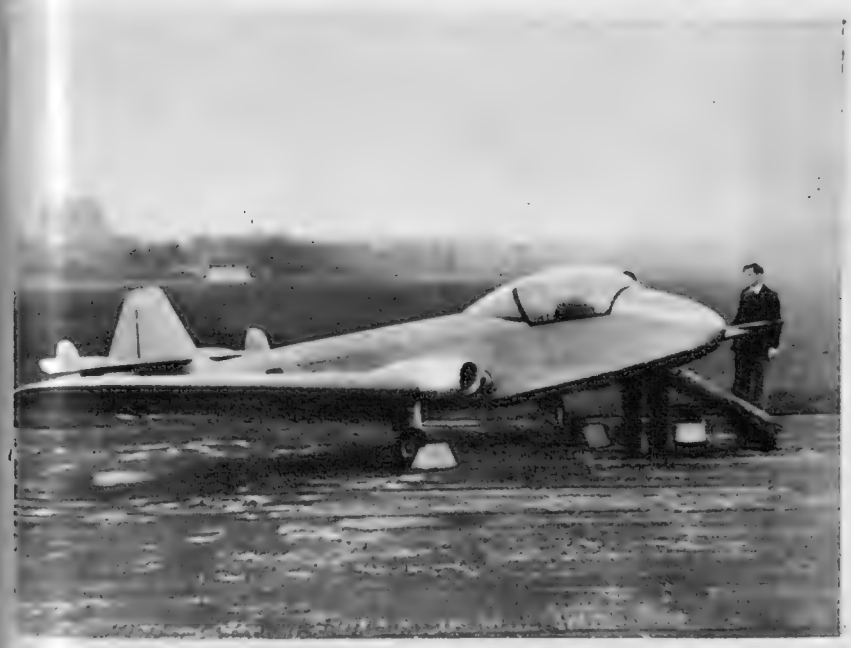
THE UNITED NATIONS SECRETARY-GENERAL IN LONDON: Mr. Dag Hammarskjöld, with Mr. Krishna Menon, the Indian delegate to the United Nations, on their arrival at London Airport from New York. Mr. Hammarskjöld had come on a two-day visit to this country. He addressed a meeting of the United Nations Association at the Albert Hall, where the other speakers included Mr. Harold Macmillan. Mr. Hammarskjöld returned to New York the next day.

A VICTORIAN SEASIDE RELIC BECOMES MODERN TRANSPORT IN SCOTLAND : Outside her home, Fetteresse Castle, near Stonehaven, in Kincardineshire, Mrs. Simpson drives in her chaise, built over 100 years ago for the promenade at Brighton.

A "TOWN" TAKES SHAPE IN WINDSOR GREAT PARK : A general view of a section of the site in Windsor Great Park, where the 1954 Royal Agricultural Show is in course of erection. This will be the fourth time the Royal Show has been held at Windsor, the previous occasions being 1851, 1889 and 1939. It has often been wondered why the Show is not given a permanent home. Some farmers say it would save expense in transportation and the money could be spent on the erection of stronger buildings and in other ways.

On left—

A "DRUMMING-IN" TEST FOR TWO HORSES OF THE ROYAL HORSE GUARDS : They are undergoing tests at Windsor, Berkshire, to determine which is the more suitable to replace Pompey, the drum horse which served with the band of the Royal Horse Guards. Their training will last at least a year. On left is Hannibal with Corporal of the Horse G. Mitchell at the reins, and right, Hadrian with Corporal of the Horse B. Hutton. Hadrian was presented to the regiment by the Dutch Trotting Association.



THE FIRST JET AIRCRAFT FOR PRIVATE USE SEEN BEFORE ITS FIRST FLIGHT LAST WEEK : The aircraft is the M.77 Sparrowjet, which has been produced by F. G. Miles Limited for racing, and for research into the possibilities of a light jet trainer. This aircraft was developed from the Miles Sparrowhawk, which was designed by a woman, Mrs. Blossom Miles, and which was flown by Mr. F. G. Miles in the King's Cup Air Race in 1936, when he won the prize for speed. The Sparrowjet is powered by two small Turbomeca Palas jet engines which give it a top speed of 260 m.p.h. The maximum landing speed of the aircraft is about 50 m.p.h. On its first flight, during which it was piloted by Mr. George Miles, the Sparrowjet was airborne for ten minutes. On landing, Mr. Miles gave an enthusiastic report of the excellent handling qualities of the aircraft.

THE CHAIRMAN OF THE SAVOY HOTEL WITH BUDDING HOTELIERS : Mr. Hugh Wontner watches his wife cut the Christmas cake at a party given to hotelier students in London. The cake is inscribed "Happy Christmas" in many languages. Mr. Wontner, as Chairman of the Savoy Group of hotels, was a prominent figure in the recent struggle on the Stock Exchange for control of the Group. In the end, Mr. Wontner's company was able to buy the shares belonging to Mr. Harold Samuel's company at a cost of about £1,350,000, thus retaining a controlling interest in the Savoy group.

PERSONALITIES in the WORLD OF ART

A Painter, a Potter, and a Sculptor-Photographer

On right—

TERENCE CUNEO AT WORK ON HIS PAINTING OF THE QUEEN LUNCHING AT GUILDHALL AFTER THE CORONATION : This picture has been commissioned by Sir Sidney Smith, a Sheriff of the City, who will present it to the Guildhall when it has been completed. So that Mr. Cuneo should get an uninterrupted view of the luncheon, two banisters were sawn away from the balcony where he worked. Mr. Cuneo, who is as well known for his wartime paintings of aircraft and tanks as for his many paintings of State and other great occasions, has said that the painting of the Queen at the Guildhall was executed to record an historic incident in the long history of the Guildhall. Therefore he has not overstressed the portraiture of the many people present, except for those at the Royal table. A meticulous likeness of every person present would detract from the feeling of movement and life in the picture. Although he has been variously described as a great painter of aircraft, or of historic occasions, Mr. Cuneo, whose father was also a well-known artist, refuses to be classed as a specialist. At one point in his career he went to North Africa, where he lived for a time with the Arabs, painting desert scenery as a "refresher."

CONTEMPLATION, FOCUS AND "HOLD IT, PLEASE"—HENRY MOORE TURNS PHOTOGRAPHER, WITH A STATUE AS A MODEL : The well-known and much-discussed sculptor is seen in his workshop at Perry Green, near Bishops Stortford, where he is photographing some of his latest work. He is a keen amateur photographer and keeps a record of all his work in this way, as well as taking photographs of other subjects.

THE CHELSEA POTTERY—A GENERAL VIEW OF THE WORKSHOP IN LONDON'S NEWEST POTTERY : *On right*—Mr. David Rawnsley, who runs the pottery, at work on a drink container that has been ordered by the photographer Baron. The pottery, which was opened by the late Sir Edward Marsh last year, produces its own ware which is proving very popular. A new glazing technique that has been evolved by Mr. Rawnsley has been very successful and has roused the interests of many experts. A set of the pottery produced at the workshops has been bought by the authorities of the Victoria and Albert Museum and is on show there. As well as the ceramic artists employed there, the pottery is used by other artists, who bring along their own materials but use the equipment in the workshop. Thus many artists who cannot afford equipment, which is expensive, are now able to work after paying a small annual fee.

A FRENCH SURVEY

Student Demonstrations in Paris; The Examination of Gaston Dominici; An Admiral Arraigned and a Marshal Honoured

PARISIAN STUDENTS DEMONSTRATE OVER EDUCATION GRANTS: In the Rue Soufflot, with the Pantheon in the background, over 2,500 students assembled in front of the headquarters of the National Students' Union. They were protesting against the cuts in the Government's allocation for educational purposes, which are proposed in the Budget for 1954. After their protest meeting in the Rue Soufflot, the students made their way to the National Assembly, but they were halted by the police on the way. Fighting broke out when the police tried to clear the streets, and about 120 arrests were made. Several students and two policemen were later treated for injuries.

POUR ENCOURAGER LES AUTRES: Six French Admirals in Paris sit in judgment on Vice-Admiral Beranger, whose conduct during the Japanese occupation of Indo-China has been criticised. From left are Admirals Nomy, Salat and Lambert; M. Drapier, President of the Court; and Admirals Durand-Viel, de Penfentano and de Ramond.

Right—

AN ADMIRAL FACES HIS PEERS: Vice-Admiral Beranger searching for papers during the court of inquiry. He had been stationed in Indo-China in 1941, and was there when the Japanese occupied the country. The Admiral's high rank caused the inquiry to be held in Paris.

ONE WAY OF CLEARING THE STREETS: French policemen haul two students away when the demonstrators staged a sit-down in the middle of the Boulevard St. Michel. A delegation of students had been permitted to go to the National Assembly to present their claims; the rest were soon cleared away by police. Among those injured in the scuffles with police was M. Jean-Marc Mousseron, the president of the Students' Union.

GASTON DOMINICI LEAVES FOR HIS FIRST INTERROGATION: The seventy-six-year-old peasant who is accused of the murder of the Drummond family leaving Digne Prison for his first interrogation by the examining magistrate. At this interrogation, which lasted five hours, Dominici denied many of the statements he is alleged to have made earlier, concerning the brutal murders at Lurs. He told M. Peyries, the magistrate, that he did not commit the murders, and he repudiated the confessions he had made to Inspector Sebeille. He gave no reason for this change of front, but it is believed that he may accuse someone else.

AN HONOUR FOR THE LATE MARSHAL DE LATTRE DE TASSIGNY: Mr. Warrington Dawson, president of the Schroeder Foundation for France, presents the Foundation's gold medal to Madame De Lattre de Tassigny during a ceremony at Versailles. The medal, which is presented for outstanding civilian and military services, had been awarded to the French Marshal, who had commanded the forces in Indo-China. At the same ceremony, a gold medal was awarded to M. Maurice Schuman.

CAPE TOWN, THE TAVERN OF THE SEAS : The harbour, the city and Table Mountain seen from the deck of an outgoing liner. Cape Town is a truly wonderful centre for shore excursions, and the Grand Tour of the Cape Peninsula, taking seven hours, is a motor journey that, once taken, is never forgotten. Visits to the vineyard country which is situated round Paarl and Worcester are also made easily from Cape Town.

The Sphere of Travel

ROUND AFRICA JOURNEY

SOME PORTS TO BE VISITED AND INLAND VOYAGES TO BE MADE DURING A VOYAGE ROUND THE RIM OF THE CONTINENT

By Gordon Cooper

THE value and pleasure of a journey by sea to and from South Africa can be considerably enhanced by a wise choice of shore excursions. Also, when time allows, the traveller may well wish to plan his voyage by a ship or ships which call in at the more interesting ports, although, speaking personally, so great is the appeal of Africa that I find none of her seaboard towns without some degree of interest. The ideal trip, in fact, for those who think the same way as myself, would be to find a unique and comfortable freighter which calls in at every harbour around the rim of the continent; but in default of this rather difficult scheme, I propose to offer practical suggestions, based on my own experience, about the ways I would recommend for spending one's time to best advantage while on land.

Before discussing the various ports of call, it may help some intending travellers who contemplate a round Africa voyage to know whether it is best to go out by east coast and return by the west coast, or *vice-versa*. During the early months of the year—the European and North African winter—I advise going out east coast, for at this time of year the climate in the Red Sea is relatively cool, and one thus gets acclimatised gradually to the hot summer weather that will be encountered south of the Equator. There is also the advantage that the bulk of the sight-seeing will be effected on the journey out, when the mind is fresh and active, while travelling home provides the opportunity for a leisurely rest.

As the majority of tourists, however, proceed to the Union by Union-Castle Mail Service, returning the same way, I will start off in the same direction, with Madeira or Las Palmas the first stopping-place. The mail steamers alternate their calls at these ports.

Madeira.—When the time ashore is limited to three hours, I advise a motor excursion to Terreiro da Lucta (2,873 ft.) via the Monte. From these two places you get a magnificent panoramic view over Funchal and the surrounding countryside. The return from Monte can be made by toboggan—a quite thrilling and perfectly safe experience. An alternative suggestion would be to take the launch from the ship to Reid's Hotel, have an English tea there (one of the rare places outside of Britain on foreign soil where it is properly made), bathe, if desired, in the ocean swimming-pool, and then return to the ship.

If, however, your ship allows you four or more hours on land, then make the excursion by car to the Grande Curral, which is one of the world's scenic wonders, a mighty chaos of mountains and deep valleys, and an awe-inspiring sight. But this excursion should only be made in clear weather, otherwise you will see very little.

Las Palmas.—If time allows, the outstanding excursion is one that takes you to the Cross of Tejeda, about 23 miles from the port. This spot stands at an altitude of 5,000 ft., and from it you get a superb view, sometimes described as "a petrified tempest," for below is a chaos of grandeur. A delightful *parador* (hotel), run by the Spanish State Tourist Department, provides excellent meals, as well as accommodation.

The town of Las Palmas is not particularly interesting, but its museum has many exhibits and relics of the fascinating Guanche race who inhabited the Canaries prior to the coming of the Spanish; and there is the Santa Caterina Hotel, decorated in typical Canarian style and ranking as one of the most luxurious hotels in the world.

Ascension and St. Helena.—Occasional ships engaged in the intermediate services of the Union-Castle Line call at these two lonely islands. At the former, the haunt of sea turtles and countless birds, passengers are not allowed to land, except by special permission. At the latter, a motor-car excursion to Longwood and Napoleon's grave can be combined with a tour through the beautiful interior of the island. Many years ago I climbed the 699 steps of the famous Jacob's Ladder which ascends 600 ft. from the shore. I have never forgotten the experience!

Lobito.—This magnificent harbour, the finest roadstead on the West African coast, is the terminal of the Benguela Railway, which crosses Angola to the Congo border, thus making connection with Cape Town some 3,600 miles away. Benguela, twenty miles distant, where the Portuguese established themselves in the sixteenth century, has a number of historic monuments, well worth visiting.

Walfis Bay.—This strange seaport, the busiest place between Lobito and Cape Town, will one day become of much greater importance when it is linked by railway with Rhodesia. The small town is built several feet below sea-level and houses have to be built on stilts. A huge cold storage plant dominates the sandy harbour, and a tour through it does give relief from the usual oven-heat and wind-driven sand outside. The local beer is excellent. In the near-by desert can be seen the *Welwitschia mirabilis*, the largest and longest-lived plant known to science. It lasts for centuries and lives without rain for years.

Cape Town.—If your stay ashore is limited in South Africa, then you cannot do better than spend the time with Cape Town as a base. There are many places of interest both in the city and in the country around, and as a centre for excursions through beautiful and varied scenery it is unsurpassed. The Grand Tour of the Cape Peninsula, taking seven hours by car, is the outstanding trip. The National Botanical Gardens at Kirstenbosch are first-class in interest; and Groote Schuur, built by Rhodes and now the home of the Prime Ministers of South Africa, can be visited on certain days when the Premier is not in residence. A special ticket, obtainable from the P.W.D. office in Cape Town, is required. This opportunity, when available, should not be missed. A particularly attractive museum in Cape Town is the Koopmans-de-Wet, which is housed in a fine eighteenth-century house and contains a valuable collection of Dutch colonial furniture. The adjoining old slave quarters may be seen.

Elsewhere in the Union.—Every visitor to South Africa should get hold of the beautifully produced booklets issued by the South African Tourist Corporation, whose London office is at 70, Piccadilly, W.1. From these publications you can decide what you would best like to see. For those who wish to make independent tours or to travel with a conducted group, there are two organisations, Springbok Safaris and African Car Hire, which should meet most needs.

JETTY STREET, PORT ELIZABETH : This is the second city and port of the Cape Province, with a European population of over 60,000. The city of Port Elizabeth really dates from the arrival of the 1820 settlers, but as a military station it dates back to the end of the eighteenth century.

THE SURGE AND THUNDER OF THE VICTORIA FALLS : The Falls seen from the road bridge. To reach them the traveller must be prepared for a long train journey or else fly to Livingstone, which has one of the most modern airports in Africa, where the Comet is a regular visitor.

T WORK ON THE QUAYS OF THE OLD PORT OF MOMBASA : This is one of the most picturesque ports of East Africa, and at certain seasons the traveller will see the Arab dhows which put in to Mombasa from the Persian Gulf. Mombasa is built mainly on a coral island three miles long by two miles wide.

THE "KENYA CASTLE" AT BEIRA : This port is the main outlet for the Rhodesias and Nyasaland, the three countries now brought together in a federation. The *Kenya Castle* is one of the vessels of the Union Castle fleet which makes the voyage right round Africa.

DAR-ES-SALAAM — THE HAVEN OF PEACE : People of many Eastern races jostle in the streets of Dar-es-Salaam. It is a most picturesque and colourful port, but not particularly recommended for lengthy shore excursions.

... tours can be booked through good travel agents ... Britain, as well as after arrival.

For those travelling on a round voyage in one ... l, the usual ports of call are at Port Elizabeth, ... t London and Durban. Port Elizabeth has two ... tional attractions for visitors interested in wild ... They are the famous Snake Park, with its hundreds ... snakes, and the excursion to Addo to see the ... ants. The latter trip, however, can only be taken ... May to September, when wild elephant can be ... from a distance of 70 yards, feeding on oranges ... ally laid out for them.

... ere is some pleasant country behind East ... on which merits a short excursion, but the town ... lf is not of special appeal to the ordinary visitor. ... ban, however, is in a different category, partly ... se of its colourful native life, including the Zulu ... law boys in their barbaric finery. During the ... ly months of the year this part of the Union is ... emely warm, but the surf-bathing is cooling and ... excursion to the Valley of a Thousand Hills is one ... at should not be missed. It usually includes a short ... at a native village.

... or those who want to see more of South Africa ... an just its ports, I have two special recommendations ... er : a motor tour starting from Cape Town and ... luding at Durban (or vice versa), and a short ... day as a paying guest on a farm.

The itinerary I favour, and which will provide a ... h variety of contrasting travel experiences, would ... e you by the coastal Garden route to Port Elizabeth ... d on to East London. Thence the tour continues ... ough the Transkei Native Territory to Pieter-... aritzburg. Here you have the choice of proceeding ... Durban, arriving there on the fifth day after leaving ... pe Town, or else turning further into the interior, to ... ohannesburg. On this last section you pass through ... e Royal Natal National Park.

From Transvaal to the Rhodesias.—Three or four ... ays can be spent in Johannesburg, including a visit ... near-by Pretoria, after which you can either ... ceed to Durban by train, make a tour to Southern ... desia (Zimbabwe, Bulawayo for Rhodes' Grave, ... d the Victoria Falls), or return to Durban by way ... a circular tour embracing the Kruger National ... k (open the year round, although in the early months ... the year the elephant are seldom to be seen), and ... e Hluhluwe Game Reserve, in Zululand, famous for ... rare white rhino, the last of the species.

In addition to the car-tours arranged by the two ... ivate organisations I have named, it is also possible ... travel between Cape Town and Durban/Johannes-... rg by the comfortable motor-coaches of the South ... ican Railways. The fares, including meals and over-... ht hotel accommodation, are approximately £30 ... pe Town to Durban, £37 Cape Town to Johannesburg.

The excursion into Southern Rhodesia might be ... ade in one direction by car, and the return journey ... plane or train. Alternatively you might like to ... vel through Southern Rhodesia via Salisbury and ... in your ship at Beira, in Mozambique.

For those who favour life on a South African farm, I ... uld suggest that they get in touch with local informa-... n offices. There are also farm guest-houses, run on hotel lines, for which bookings can be made through travel agents in Britain. The Automobile Association also has a detailed list of these establishments.

Lourenço Marques. — This fine modern city, the capital of Mozambique, has much of the atmosphere of the Continent, with its boulevards, mosaic pavements, open-air cafés and the cosmopolitan crowds seen in the streets. Like Durban it is, however, pretty warm here in the early months of the year. The beautiful Polana Beach has one of the finest stretches of sand on the South African coast ; there are also a number of night clubs. A recommended excursion is to Vila Luisa, near which is the Incomati River, with its hippos and crocodiles in their natural surroundings.

Beira.—This busy port, which is the main outlet for the Rhodesias and Nyasaland, is modern and not particularly interesting. It has, however, the best golf-course in Southern Africa, with excellent green "greens." The course lies below sea-level, and at regular intervals dykes are opened and it receives a flooding from the sea. The only recommended excursion is an air flight over the Gorongosa Game Reserve, which is crowded with game.

Dar-es-Salaam. — This "Haven of Peace" has a land-locked harbour which is entered through a narrow, winding channel. The town as seen from the sea is exceptionally beautiful. The blue sea, white coral sand of the beaches, green slopes, and tall, graceful palm trees, combine to make a most striking picture. On land there is not much to do except to take a stroll around.

Zanzibar.—This is perhaps the most fascinating port of call in Africa. In its narrow, tortuous thoroughfares are to be seen jostling together people of almost every Eastern race. Finely carved, brass-studded Arab doors are a feature of the town. Some are embellished with brass spikes, which, according to legend, were intended as a protection against the war-elephants. The barred lower windows of the white-washed houses are a reminder of the days, less than a century ago, when slave traders and pirates paraded the streets. A number of these houses are said to be haunted. There is an interesting bazaar, where a great variety of curios are offered for sale.

A pleasant excursion is to make a circular tour of 32 miles around the island. Everywhere the air is laden with the smell of cloves, for this island contributes almost the whole supply for the world. The vegetation is dense and tropical, outside of the clove plantations.

Tanga.—This pleasant little port in Tanganyika is surrounded by large sisal and coconut palm plantations. A beautiful drive can be made through virgin forests to Kwantili, where all tropical products thrive and one's knowledge is increased by seeing kapoc, pepper, ginger, cocoa, coffee, cardomom, cinnamon, vanilla and nutmeg under cultivation.

Mombasa.—Mombasa Town lies three miles from the quay at Kilindini. There is also Mombasa Old Port, where at certain times of the year you can see Arab dhows from the Persian Gulf which visit here in considerable numbers. These dhows are picturesque vessels, often with high carved sterns, and have altered little in design during the passage of time. They usually arrive between December and April.

Features of the island itself are the magnificent mango trees and the baobab trees with their enormous trunks. The narrow streets of the Old Town are worth seeing ; while an excursion to the ancient mystery city of Gedi and to the Blue Lagoon at Malindi is of exceptional interest.

To answer your questions in greater detail, I suggest a purchase of the Year-Books to Southern Africa and East Africa. Their cost is 8s. 6d. and 6s. respectively, and they are published by the Union-Castle Company, but you should be able to obtain them through a bookseller.

For passengers wishing to land at Madeira, Las Palmas, Lobito, Lourenço Marques and Beira, foreign ports, local currency may be needed, and this should be obtained through a bank before leaving home.

Finally, in addition to the Union-Castle Line, who, incidentally, is offering attractive, reduced fares on certain Round Africa sailings in 1954, there are other lines on which you can travel, a particularly pleasant service being that offered by the Holland-Africa Line.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

HE SAILED AWAY TO ADVENTURE

The Twelve-Year Journey of Pietro Delle Valle, who Sailed Away from Seventeenth-century Venice, is Told in a Fascinating Book by Wilfrid Blunt

PIETRO DELLE VALLE was a Roman patrician who, in the year 1614, aged twenty-eight, set sail from Venice on a journey which lasted twelve years. His initial excuse was an unhappy love-affair, from which he quickly recovered in the enjoyment of his travels, which took him to the Grecian islands and thence to Constantinople "in the sunset of its glory," to Cairo, to the wilderness of Sinai, Jerusalem, Damascus, Aleppo and Bagdad. In the course of a hazardous and bandit-infested journey through Persia he encountered the fabulous Shah Abbas, whose favourite pastime was the slicing off of people's heads in order to relieve his boredom. From what is now known as Saudi Arabia he made his way to India, and finally spent some time in the incredible Portuguese colony of Goa, then at the height of its precarious splendour.

PIETRO'S PILGRIMAGE (Barrie. 21s.), by Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, is a remarkable work of scholarly condensation, for Pietro himself, we understand, wrote voluminously and was apt to dwell ponderously upon detail which perhaps explains the singular neglect of his works over the years. In the course of a short notice it is impossible to do justice to the scope and readability of this fascinating travel book, which owes so much of its interest to the skill and sensitivity of Mr. Blunt.

A FRENCH LITERARY PRIZEWINNER: Pierre Gascard autographs one of his books after being awarded the "Prix Goncourt" literary prize. Gascard receives the award, main prize of the French literary season, for his books *The Beasts* and *The Time of the Dead*.

A traveller of our own days is Mr. Tom Stacey who, in THE HOSTILE SUN (Duckworth. 15s.), has described a fortnight's journey into the Malayan jungle to make contact with a small group of nearly extinct aborigines, some of whom had not seen a European of any kind since the '30's. Each evening young Tom (he was twenty at the time and is now just twenty-three) wrote up his diary, and it is of this, unpruned and undecorated, that this fresh and vital book consists. "Nothing could be more embarrassing to a twenty-three-year-old," he writes, "than that his writings of three years back should be mistaken for his most mature efforts." One may agree with this, of course, but, for myself, I find little to criticise and a great deal to praise in what that twenty-year-old set down of his journey, his discoveries and his personal reflections.

HORNED MOON (Chatto and Windus. 21s.) is the third of this week's quite splendid selection of travel books, and it is an account of a journey, taken by Mr. Ian Stephens, through Pakistan, Kashmir and Afghanistan. Mr. Stephens, it is very relevant to say here, was for nine exceptionally dramatic years the editor of the only British-owned newspaper in India, *The Statesman*, and resigned as recently as 1951, not as any protest about the end of British power, but because, as he explains, he felt emotionally torn and professionally thwarted by the bitter, unresolved disputes between the two new successor-states of India and Pakistan, notably over Kashmir. The journey he describes was taken as an independent person, then, during four months of last year, and his account of it is illustrated with the photographs, many in colour, which he took himself.

The memoir of CARDINAL GASQUET (Burns Oates. 21s.), by Sir Shane Leslie, shows this distinguished figure of the Catholic hierarchy as an historian, as, in some senses, a diplomat, as a churchman most active in ecclesiastic affairs, and as a friend. In form the book is a little unevenly planned, since it includes fragments of autobiography, letters, diaries and reports, as well as interviews, anecdotes and personal documents, but the author, whose own quiet humour is an intrinsic part of the book, makes clear enough the three points which he considers the Cardinal's legacy: The British Legation at the Holy See, the school and abbey at Downside, and the turn of the tide in the national estimate of the Religious Orders in English history.

Back to the war with THE LATTER DAYS (Hodder and Stoughton. 15s.), which is a history of Colditz Castle, in Saxony, from November 1942 to April 1945, a short span in its long existence, but a significant one, since it was here that Allied prisoners-of-war were kept when they had attempted escapes from other camps. It was held by the Germans to be escape-proof, and that, naturally, was a challenge to such spirits as Mr. P. R. Reid, who was incarcerated there, and who has already written the thrilling escape adventure, *The Colditz Story*. That dealt, of course, with a specific and extraordinary series of escapes; the present book tells of the organisation and the life inside the castle where "the spirit of defiance blossomed," and where plans for escape were not only run on a businesslike basis, but allotted in strict rotation.

The next three books are about Germans and *by* Germans, the first of them THE MEMOIRS OF FIELD-MARSHAL KESSELRING (Kimber. 25s.). These naturally are particularly interesting where they are concerned with German strategy in the war and with his own activities, since he was both an army and an air force officer, in the invasion of France, the Battle of Britain, and the campaigns in the desert, in Italy and in the Ardennes. The book, which has been translated by Lynton Hudson, ends with a warning, of which everyone will take their own view, "not to be hasty in passing judgment on other people."

SWASTIKA AT SEA (Kimber. 15s.) is the story of "the struggle and destruction of the German Navy, 1939-1945," and has been compiled mainly from eye-witnesses' accounts and from personal experience, by C. D. Bekker, who served with the German Navy during the war until he was taken prisoner by the British in 1944. Again, where this is factual, which is for the greater part, it is genuinely interesting, though it is naturally difficult to look dispassionately at photographs of the *Scharnhorst* and the *Gneisenau* actually taken during their break-through up the Channel, or of U-boats sinking Allied freighters.

The late Hans Fritzsche, who was a Nazi journalist and third in seniority in Goebbels' Propaganda Ministry, told his story, THE SWORD IN THE SCALES (Wingate. 15s.), to Hildegarde Springer, and it has been translated by Diana Pyke, with a foreword by Mr. Frank Owen, on the drama of the Nuremberg trials. The frontispiece is a facsimile of the author's certificate of acquittal at that court, and the book his version, in more or less straight journalistic style, of his experiences in Nuremberg prison up to the last day of his trial when, with Schacht, von Papen and Goering, he escaped the gallows. As a footnote to history this is readable without being of the first significance.

METTERNICH (Falcon Press. 21s.) is an erudite study by M. Constantin de Grunwald, and has been translated from the French by Dorothy Todd. As a Russian *emigré* of the old order, the author may claim the advantage of an unbiased viewpoint for his biography, and has presented the life of the great statesman, who has been called "the most hated man in Europe," with balance and judgment, and with an academic coolness.

I don't know by what process of reasoning the Christmas season brings forth a crop of detective stories, adventure stories and thrillers, but so it is, and I have chosen six of a well-varied list to tell you about, so that no one shall say to you, in the classic words of the schoolboy: "Whatever did you want to choose that book to be read to out of for?"

First, then, Miss Georgette Heyer's DETECTION UNLIMITED (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.), which combines an extraordinarily ingenious murder case with considerable wit and lightness of touch. On deep—and very serious—reflection, I find I like her Inspector Hemingway as much as any detective now in the (fictional) business, and I don't think he has ever been more outrageously brilliant than in this story. "What makes you so confident?" a character asks him at one point. "Flair," replies Hemingway, without a moment's hesitation, and flair it is, but it belongs to Miss Heyer.

THIRTEEN WHITE TULIPS (Hammond. 9s. 6d.), by Frances Crane, has an authentic-seeming San Francisco background for the activities of its two happily married young sleuths and their dachshund, and is strong on personal relations, colour, dress and dialogue, and very nearly as strong on clues. MURDER OF THE WELL-BELOVED (Bles. 9s. 6d.) shifts the venue to Australia, and Sydney in particular, and apart from the entertainment that it will give the reader in deciphering the murder mystery, it teaches him, quite painlessly, a good deal about the country of its origin and its urban ways. It is by Margot Neville, who does this kind of thing very well and makes her characters alarmingly real.

A GUN FOR INSPECTOR WEST (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.) is a new John Creasey, as this writer's fans doubtless say, and is full enough of murders to satisfy even the most Dracula-like among us, since it is a tale about a necessarily secret organisation which has taken against policemen in a big way, and expresses its opinion by the ruthlessly simple method of killing them off on their beats.

Mr. Henry Cecil, as before, shows his predilection for the law, and his humour, in NATURAL CAUSES (Chapman and Hall. 12s. 6d.), which is a story based on the attempted blackmail of a High Court judge. It is clever and it is funny, and if you think the situation improbable baldly stated here, don't form your verdict until you have read the book, for that, they tell me, is the way of justice.

FREE AGENT (Bles. 9s. 6d.) is Mr. Paul Murray's story, in the true tradition of the thriller, of a chase through London, Naples, Florence and Cairo for a murderer and proof of his crime. Very competently written, and all but one or two of the people are pleasant creatures.

IN THE SENATOR'S SHADOW

An American Causerie of Crime and Punishment

So much that is published in the United States requires to be angled these days to avoid the strictures of the junior Senator for Wisconsin that it is not unnatural to examine any semi-political American work with more than usual care when it appears over here. Richard Brandon Morris, who is Professor of American History at Columbia University, is one of those authors who have clearly had to walk the Senator's tight-rope, or so it seems. He calls his book FAIR TRIAL (Macdonald. 21s.), and in it he reviews fourteen *causes célèbre*, from the trial of Anne Hutchison for sedition in the seventeenth century to the still freshly remembered and hotly debated conviction of Alger Hiss. It is, of course, largely on political grounds that Mr. Morris's writing requires this careful assessment, and his shortcomings are revealed only too clearly in his chapter "Ordeal by Jury," an account of the trial of the so-called anarcho-Communists who were alleged to have hurled the bomb in Chicago's Old Haymarket Square on the fatal night of May 4, 1886. That trial ended in the seven men being sentenced to death, although the prosecution was mainly based on the flimsy evidence of Left-Wing newspaper cuttings. The author does not hesitate to call the defendants "miserable wretches," despite the fact that he doubts the fairness of their trial, and as men and as politicians he leans so heavily against them that his own status as a fair-minded writer of legal history becomes precarious. As regards the great Governor Altgeld, who later committed political suicide by declaring that the trial was unfair and had been conducted with malicious ferocity, Mr. Morris takes care not to over-praise that honest Liberal, and the reader may not be able to escape the feeling that here is an author who finds the force of current sentiment in his own land too much for him. On the Hiss case the author is on surer ground, tending to withhold his own opinion, contenting himself with the view that either Hiss was a great fool at the same time as being shockingly disloyal or the victim of the most monstrous frame-up since the days of Dreyfus. This is certainly a most dramatic book, and the facts are well marshalled, particularly in the account of the trial of Aaron Burr, the treasonable Vice-President, and the trial of John Brown, about whom Americans still argue whether he was a minor prophet or a major lunatic.

Another legal book of much interest is Joseph Dean's HATRED, RIDICULE OR CONTEMPT (Constable. 15s.). Here the author tells the story of a variety of English libel cases chosen from the many thousands which have been fought since Fox's Libel Act of 1792 decided that the value of a man's reputation was to be judged by a jury of his fellows. The strange, contentious, forlorn and cynical personalities which march across these pages include Noel Pemberton Billing, M.P., Lord Alfred Douglas, Rasputin, Horatio Bottomley and Aleister Crowley.

The most important piece of news between the crossing of the Rubicon and the dropping of the first atom bomb, says Michael Harrison, was the first heavier-than-air flight made by the Wright Brothers on December 17, 1903, a jubilee that is in part commemorated by his timely volume, AIRBORNE AT KITTY HAWK (Cassell. 8s. 6d.). In this short but not always completely accurate survey the author reviews man's early attempts at flight, and we see the fools, the men of genius, the dreamers, the philosophers, the martyrs, and the engineers who, with their wings, kites and balloons, paved the way for the ultimate triumph at Kitty Hawk, where the Wrights' aircraft made four flights, the longest, of 852 ft., lasting for over a minute.

The Old Vic Theatre, now so marvellously revived in the Waterloo Road, seats just under 1,000 people, charges a top price of 10s. 6d., and has weekly capacity takings of £2,400. To clear expenses, the theatre must play consistently to 90 per cent. capacity, declares Charles Landstone, in his admirable book, OFF STAGE (Elek. 18s.), in which he poses some of the many and various problems of the contemporary theatre. Mr. Landstone, a successful general manager of the Bristol Old Vic, has always been in the thick of battle on the State theatre controversy, and in this volume he does not pull his punches when he comes to the question of what ought or ought not to be done in the matter of State aid.

Throughout his life Claude Langdon has handled many big show ventures, among them the start of speedway racing in Britain and the creation of the Hammersmith Palais. Appropriately enough, he calls his autobiography EARLS COURT (Stanley Paul. 15s.), for in that focal-point of the world of entertainment the author has scored some of his greatest successes, not least with the great ice-shows which are now so very much a part of our Christmas entertainment. Mr. Langdon's success story has a foreword by the Marquess of Milford Haven.

LAUNCHING AIRCRAFT BY STEAM CATAPULT

A U.S. NAVY JET PLANE TAKES OFF FROM THE FIRST LAUNCH OF THE NEW BRITISH INVENTION: At the Naval Air Material Centre, Philadelphia, the F9F6 jet is launched by means of the XC-11 steam catapult. A propeller machine, a Douglas Skyraider, was similarly launched. The new catapult has a far greater capacity than its predecessors, and may provide the problem of catering for increasingly heavy and speedy aircraft. The British inventor of the steam catapult, Commander Colin C. Mitchell, was present at the first launching demonstration.

CHIEF JUSTICE CLARK HOLDS COURT IN FRANKFURT

A LAWYER, A CLERK AND THE PRESS: As a token of defiance, Chief Justice Clark presided alone in the United States Court of Appeals in Frankfurt the day his suspension from office came into effect. Originally there were no cases down for hearing, but the Chief Justice announced that he would sit. Two lawyers appeared to argue before him, and one of Mr. Clark's secretaries acted as clerk. Chief Justice Clark has consistently refused to acknowledge his suspension from office by the U.S. Government or his threatened dismissal next month. The State Department has said that his appointment is being ended on the grounds of economy.

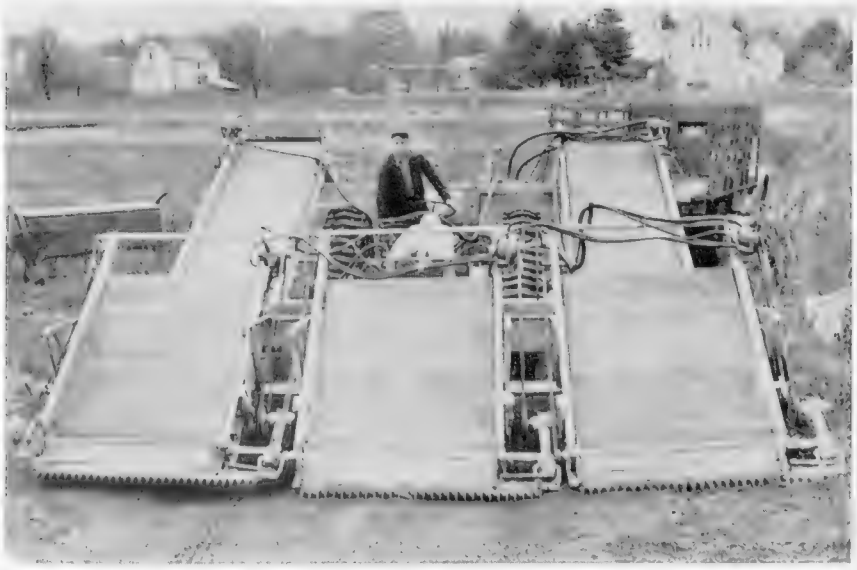
TOWN AND COUNTRY PLANNING IN BERLIN

THE THATCHED-ROOF UNDERGROUND STATION: This tube station in the American Sector of Berlin has an old-fashioned, countrified thatched roof. Recently the roof started to leak, and the authorities considered replacing it with something more modern and urban, but the protests of Berliners, who preferred the more romantic style, prevailed, so the roof has been repaired with fresh straw.

THE NEW SULTAN HAS HIS SHARE OF DUTIES

OPENING NEW SCHOOL BUILDINGS IN RABAT: The Sultan of Morocco, Sidi Mohamed Ben Mouley Arafa, listens to the Director of the school explaining a model of the new buildings. The Sultan, who was accompanied by the French Resident-General, was performing the opening ceremony at the Moroccan Administration School.

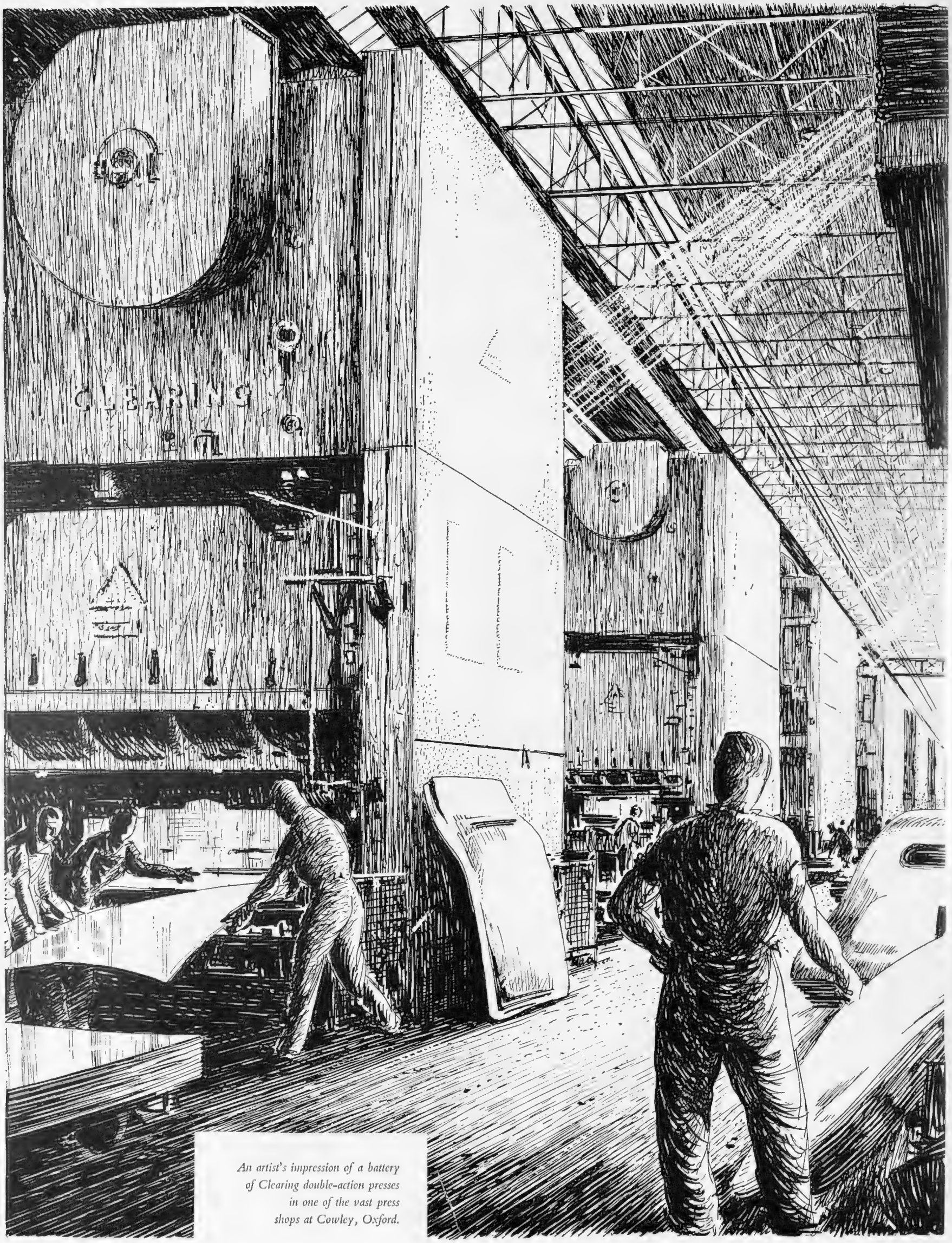
A COMBINE SPINACH HARVESTER



MASS PRODUCTION FOR VIRGINIA FARMERS: Mr. Phil Trapeane demonstrates at Lexington, Massachusetts, what is believed to be the world's biggest spinach-picker. It is capable of harvesting 1,200 bushels an hour. Mr. Trapeane built the machine for spinach farmers in Virginia. Twelve rows are cut at a time, and the machine will convey the leaves to a mobile packing truck.

PUBLIC SERVANTS IN ITALY GO ON STRIKE

A ROME RAILWAY STATION DURING THE TWENTY-FOUR-HOUR STRIKE: A station porter takes a rest, leaving his loaded cart waiting on the deserted platform. More than 1,000,000 Civil Servants, Government employees, postal, telephone and telegraph workers, as well as railwaymen, went on a twenty-four-hour token strike in support of their claims for more pay. The Government put into operation emergency services to keep the main railway lines in operation.



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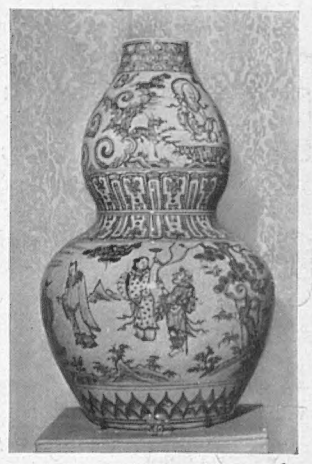
CHINESE PORCELAIN

SOME OF THE MAGNIFICENT PIECES THAT ARE NOW ON VIEW AT THE EXHIBITION IN LONDON

ARRANGING THE EXHIBITS FOR THE ORIENTAL CERAMIC SOCIETY'S SHOW AT THE ARTS COUNCIL GALLERY, ST. JAMES'S SQUARE: The Secretary of the Society, Sir Harry Garner, is seen putting exhibits into a showcase before the opening of the exhibition. The Oriental Ceramic Society held its first exhibition in 1946, choosing as its subject Chinese Blue and White Porcelain. This show proved to be very popular, and the present exhibition, which is open until January 23, is on the same theme. There are over 300 examples of porcelain, ranging from the fourteenth century to the nineteenth century. In an introduction to the catalogue, Sir Harry Garner points out that much has been learnt of this particular kind of porcelain since the 1946 exhibition was held, particularly with regard to the fourteenth century. A remarkable difference between the quality of the ware produced at the beginning of the century and that made towards the end was due to the discovery of "Muhammadan Blue," a pigment that replaced the rather poor quality cobalt used by the earlier potters. An interesting feature of the exhibition is the way that the same subjects, such as peonies, lotuses and dragons have been used for the decoration of the porcelain throughout the centuries, with little change from the fourteenth to the nineteenth century.

THREE DISHES OF K'ANG HSI WARE PRODUCED AT THE END OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY: These three plates are decorated in a style that was much admired by Whistler, Rossetti and other nineteenth-century artists. The three illustrated show a lady seated at a table (centre) and two decorated inside with cranes and peach trees. *On right*— **A vase of baluster form with trumpet neck and animal-headed side handles. The body of the vase, which is from the fifteenth century, is decorated with dragons over the sea and in the clouds.**

PROVINCIAL WARE AT THE EXHIBITION OF CHINESE PORCELAIN—ANNAMESE DRINKING VESSEL: This vessel has a globular body, a cylindrical neck with a large flange, and an unusual mammiform spout.



A NON-IMPERIAL SIXTEENTH-CENTURY WARE: This is a vase in the form of a double gourd, decorated with figures in a landscape. It was not until the fifteenth century that Chinese blue and white porcelain was accorded Royal patronage.

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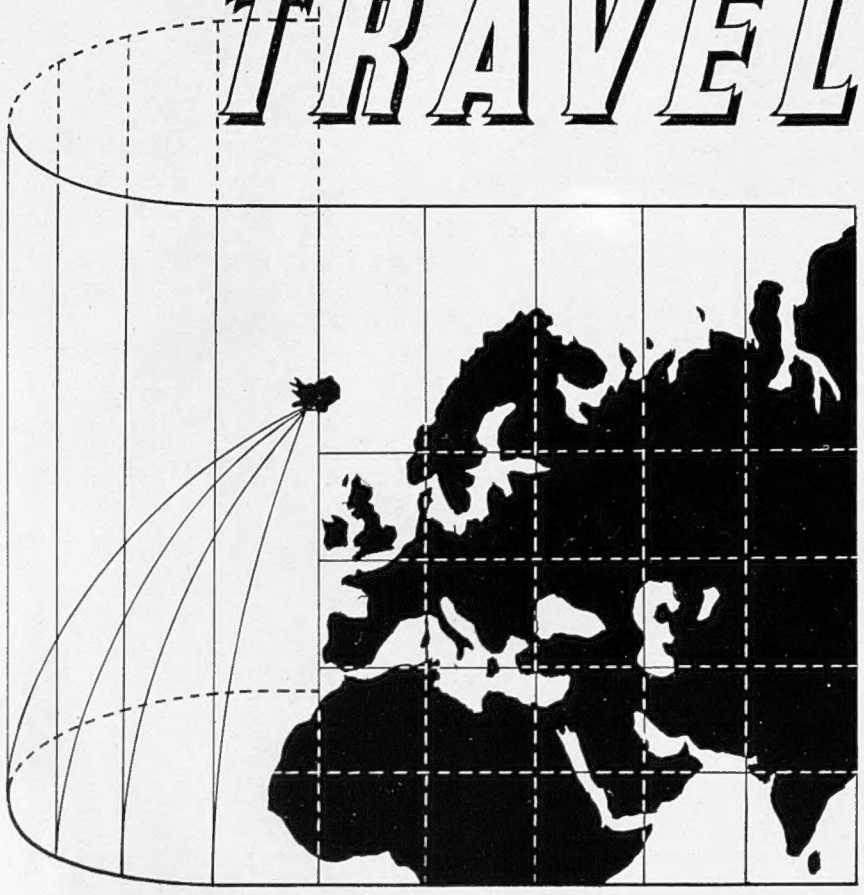

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Holidays in Europe—Scandinavia, Germany, Holland, Belgium, France.

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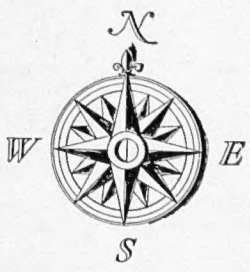

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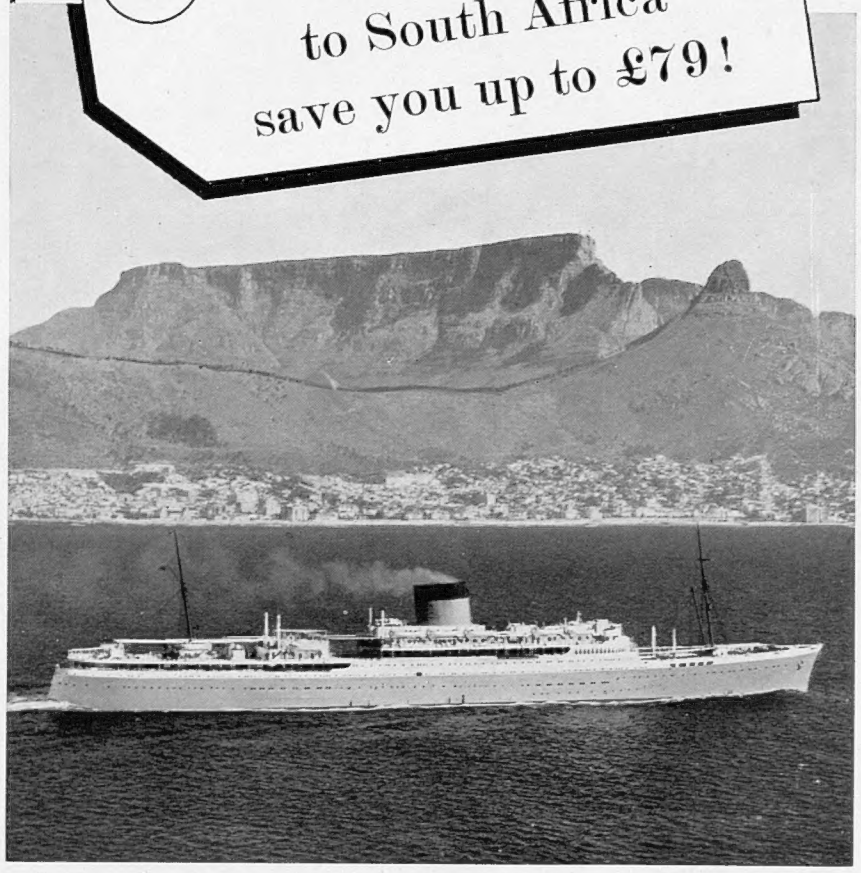

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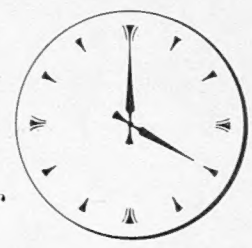

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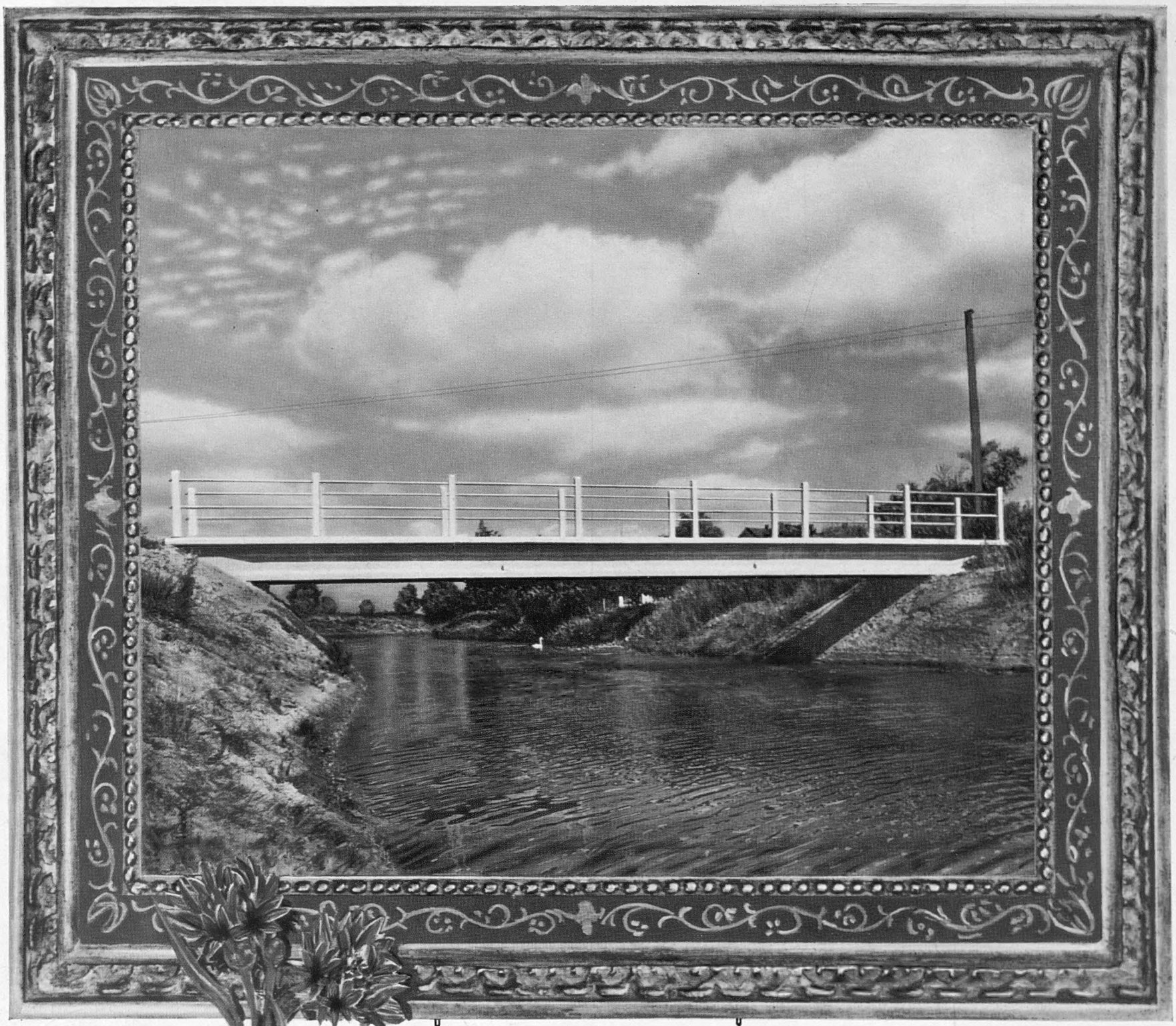

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